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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT **SIXPENCE.**



PRESENTATION OF SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEDALS BY THE KING TO HIS FIRST SCOTTISH GUARD OF HONOUR AT BALMORAL, OCTOBER 16.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MILNE, BALLATER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

For some time rumours have been afloat that his Majesty the King had purchased from *The Illustrated London News* Company M. Benjamin Constant's portrait of Queen Victoria. We are now enabled to announce that such is the fact, his Majesty having formally signified his decision in the matter. The work will hang in the royal dining-room at Windsor Castle, where the only picture at present is a work by Détaille. In the painting of this historical canvas her late Majesty took an especial interest, particularly, as will be remembered, in the rendering of the Ribbon of the Garter, which she was very anxious that the distinguished artist should depict faithfully. The picture, which represents her Majesty in full State robes seated on the throne amid the Gothic environment of the House of Lords, was first exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, where it attracted a great deal of attention. It was again exhibited at last year's Academy, where it occupied an entire side of one of the rooms, and constituted one of the chief features of interest of the Exhibition. During his private visit to the Academy, King Edward suggested the method of hanging the picture, and it was in obedience to his Majesty's request that the space of an entire wall was devoted to it. The advantage of the King's proposal was manifest.

"More shades of red than ever this season." I find this announcement in that lively little paper, the *Onlooker*, which has a penetrating eye for the fashions. It pleases me much, for I have earnestly adjured ladies to paint the town red, not, of course, in the primitive sense of that American idiom. Why should they choose depressing tints at the very season when London suffers most from its notorious atmosphere? But there is a graver question, to which even the *Onlooker* can give no definite answer. "Will coronets be worn, or carried in the hand?" This refers to the ceremonies of the Coronation, when everyone who is entitled to wear a coronet will want to know the official use of that ornament. Will our impulsive young nobility saunter down St. James's Street with their coronets cocked saucily over one ear, as Mr. Atkins wears his undress cap? Or will the coronet be pulled moodily over the brow? I hope the *Onlooker* will press these inquiries until it obtains some news satisfactory to all lovers of the picturesque, especially to those who will pay large prices for seats to view any show that may be going.

Frankly, I do not like the idea of carrying the coronet in the hand. It will be an excuse for shy nobles to leave their coronets at home, and so deprive the sight-seeing public of its rights. Let every peer wear his coronet when he goes to the theatre, so that we may hear the respectful attendant of the cloak-room say, "Would you like to leave your coronet, my lord?" To this he will answer, in a firm voice: "No thank you; I would rather keep it on." Imagine the delight of the pit if rows of peers sat in the stalls in their coronets! Impatient playgoers who are in the habit of crying, "Take your hat off, please," would be struck dumb with admiration. No one would dream of complaining that a coronet obstructed his view of the stage, and the success of a dull piece might be assured on the first night by the attendance of peers in their coronets and robes, and of peeresses in all the plumes appropriate to their station. I offer this suggestion for the benefit of theatrical managers, who must be anxiously considering what potent attractions they can offer to the multitudes that will flock to London for the Coronation.

The coming festivities have one aspect that should be full of warning to the middle-aged. That must be the reason why Sir Henry Thompson has reprinted the judgment on diet which he wrote some fifteen years ago. Who profited by it then? How many people of advancing years and enlarging circumference have continued to eat more than is good for them, just as if no prophet had pointed out the penalty? Sir Henry Thompson says that the older you grow the less you should eat. Are your teeth going? If so, that is a signal from the citadel to the outposts that the strength of the incoming supplies must be reduced, owing to the age of the garrison. Do not flatter yourself that you can disregard that signal when you are armed with artificial molars by the scientific dentist. The new molars may be quite equal to the duties of the old; but you will find, my poor friend, that you are reinforced in the wrong place. The burden of fat will descend upon you. Sit in the scales, and you will note that you are rapidly exceeding the decent, self-respecting weight of twelve stone and a half. You need not be as lean and hungry as Cassius; but if you are to enjoy a healthy old age, you must be spare.

Sir Henry Thompson strikes an awful blow at wifely solicitude. Our ministering angels overfeed us when we have passed the meridian. Beware of the egg beaten up in coffee; beware of the powerful extract of beef! Beware of calf's-foot jelly in your tea! Woman will put it there with the best intentions; but she might as well be Clytemnestra, poisoning the bowl. Be kind enough to understand that these are not my sentiments. I do not

want a chorus of indignant wives ringing in my ears; but if any lady thinks that her middle-aged husband's stamina needs special recruiting for the fatigues of the Coronation, she may as well learn that, in Sir Henry Thompson's opinion, she is the victim of melancholy error. Joan may believe that she knows her Darby's constitution better than any doctor. She may be right. I will merely remark that Sir Henry Thompson is in his eighty-second year, and has a vigour of mind and body that scares his juniors.

If you are in the humour for more plain speaking, try the *Edinburgh Review* on consumption. Put shortly, the advice is that you should open your windows and abolish brooms. It may be news to most housekeepers that the broom is a fruitful agent of mischief. It fills the air with dust, which should be removed with a damp cloth. All that vigorous sweeping on which the housewife prides herself does positive harm by scattering particles that may harbour myriads of bacilli. It is in the house that the seeds of consumption are most prolific; therefore fresh air is an imperative necessity, and the people who keep windows shut because they are afraid of cold breathe a vitiated air that does far more harm than all the colds in Christendom. The writer in the *Edinburgh* tells us that the ravages of consumption can be traced among the cottagers of Scotland and Wales who live on the mountain-side. There is no lack of fresh air, but they will not have it in the home, where the windows are shut tight, and the women, who spend most of their time indoors, pine and grow frail. "In the high-lying cottages, we are told, it is quite the exception to find a window that is capable of being opened. The only opening is the door, and each room is therefore a *cul de sac*; there is no periodic cleaning, and the furniture of the combined living and sleeping room remains undisturbed for years. It is the women in such conditions who fall victims to the disease; the men, who spend their days in the open, are much less affected." It is well to have a partiality for the open window, and to cultivate it in every clime. The trouble is that it is fiercely resented by people who are brought up on a different doctrine.

I see that Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been employing one of her numerous gifts for the correction of the Minister of Public Instruction. That audacious man has laid sacrilegious hands on the House of Molière by summarily abolishing the *comité de lecture*. This was composed of actors who accepted or rejected new plays. Some aggrieved author started an agitation against the committee, on the ground that actors were biased judges, and that the responsibility should be transferred from them to M. Claretie, the manager. All Paris was convulsed by this affair until the Minister ended it by his decree. But now comes Madame Bernhardt with a trumpet-call to her old comrades to defy the Minister. She left the Comédie Française because its rules were irksome, and she has not appointed a committee to examine plays at her own theatre; but she is none the less certain that no tradition of the House of Molière should be meddled with. She has no case, but she writes a delightful article with that genius for diction which some fairy bestows on every son and daughter of France in the cradle, for all the world as if it were the Legion of Honour, which, according to General de Gallifet, ought to be accorded with the same impartial freedom.

The humours of this situation have been enriched by the confessions of M. Coquelin the younger and by the revelations of M. Richepin. M. Richepin testified from personal experience that a dramatic author was much embarrassed even when the actors' committee had accepted his piece and put it in rehearsal. For what happened then? At rehearsal the author was master of the scene. He ordered the actors about, some of them decorated with the Legion of Honour, and members of the tribunal that had sat in judgment on his play. "It pained me," said M. Richepin in effect, "to teach the Legion of Honour its proper place on the stage, its exits and its entrances. Moreover, my judges of yesterday might be my judges again next year; and who could blame them if they remembered my dictatorial manners when directing a rehearsal?" The younger Coquelin let in a new light. He defended the committee loyally, but complained that they were too fond of tragedies. "There's Mounet-Sully, there's Sylvain, there's Le Bargy," he said, "gloomy fellows all. They want pieces to strut and fret in. Now I am a cheerful person, and I want the pieces to be gay. As a rule, they are not; the gloomy fellows have the best of it. But, mind you, I am all in favour of the tradition which comes down from the Decree of Moscow. *Vive Moscou!*"

Observe the *haute politique* of this affair. When Napoleon dictated the Decree of Moscow to regulate the House of Molière, he believed himself master of Russia. The Minister of Public Instruction may think this is a disagreeable reminiscence for the Czar, to whom any disrespect for the Decree of Moscow should be pleasing. "Je connaissais Nicolas," the Minister may say to his friends after the manner of President Faure, when he unbent in private.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A VARIETY PROGRAMME AT THE COURT.

The programme welcomed by last Monday's audience at the Court Theatre is practically a drawing-room entertainment. Fully half the evening's amusement is furnished by what are simply "variety turns"—ballad-singing, violin and mandoline playing, card-juggling, ventriloquism, and clever mimicry (Miss Fanny Wentworth, Mr. Algernon Newark, Mr. Albert Christian, and Mr. John Le Hay are among the performers); while a fairly mirthful comic-opera skit, "Princess Lolah" it is called—which would be more apropos if there existed any comic opera nowadays to be satirised—has already been produced at the Pavilion Music-Hall. The only strictly dramatic section of the Court's triple bill is a trivial but sufficiently diverting one-act farce, which describes a physician's mistake between a patient and a would-be son-in-law, is briskly acted by Mr. R. C. Herz and others, and is the work of Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, and, presumably, his brother. Time alone, of course, can show whether the new departure will succeed.

THE CURRENT ENTERTAINMENTS OF THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

Touring London actors' successful West-End musical comedies and well-tried melodramas divide the suffrages of the suburban playgoer this week in something like a reasonable proportion. Thus at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, Mr. Louis Calvert and an interesting company of promising young players are presenting two Shakspearean revivals, "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice"; at Fulham, Mr. Edward Terry is relying mainly on the engaging sentiment of "Sweet Lavender" and "Love in Idleness"; at the Shakespeare, Clapham, Miss Florence St. John is offering her conception of "English Nell"; while at Kennington, Mr. Charles Cartwright, casting himself for the part of the wicked monk, Claude Frollo, is staging "The Shadow Dance," a really picturesque rendering of Victor Hugo's famous romance, "Notre Dame de Paris." Musical comedy, on the other hand, is to be found at the Coronet ("The Messenger Boy"), at Brixton ("The Girl from Up There"), at the Borough, Stratford ("The Geisha"), and at the commodious Crown Theatre, Peckham, where a capital company is interpreting the ever-grateful "San Toy." Meantime, the Metropole, with "The Mariners of England," the Britannia with the old Adelphi play, "In the Ranks," the Camden with "The Sign of the Cross," and the Grand, Islington, with "A Woman of Pleasure," prefer the solid attractions of the drama of sensationalism.

ART NOTES: THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

In dealing with the general aspects of the International Society's Exhibition, there was little need to refer to any special works. Those which we have reproduced will, however, serve to illustrate certain phases of art as held in esteem in certain *ateliers* at home and abroad. The strength of the new school shows itself in portraiture, for it must not be supposed that all the exhibited works, especially among the landscapes, belong to the present century, and we doubt if this modernity can even be claimed for Mr. Whistler's "Golden Lily," although it is certainly of a more recent date than some of his better-known works. Side by side with this *spirituel* work, M. Neven-du-Mont's "Lily" deserves a conspicuous place, very similar ideas of portraiture ruling the two artists in their treatment of their sitters. Mr. Lavery marks the same influence upon a style which, in the first instance, seems to have been formed on the model of Raeburn, and in this regard, "A Lady in Black and White" deserves especial notice. Mr. E. A. Walton marks a more sympathetic expression of his aims, and in this he finds himself in company with Miss Bessie MacNicol. Both artists have a future before them, and their names are likely to be more widely known. Mr. Harrington Mann has already achieved a foremost position, and needs no encouragement; and Mr. William Nicholson will find it in the general approbation which his "Rosemary" will arouse.

Of landscapes pure and simple without the introduction of figures, there are some excellent specimens in the exhibition, and the treatment of atmosphere in them is often original and more often effective. The tendency of the new school for low tones is, of course, strongly marked, and this is perhaps its chief defect, for it is in this way that half the difficulties of light and shadow are avoided. We find, however, poetical treatment and delicate touch in such work as Signor Fragiocomo's "Full Moon," Mr. Reid Murray's "Moonrise," and even in a more decided manner in Mr. Millie Dow's "Vision of Spring." Mr. D. Y. Cameron's "Spring in London" is another instance of how obstacles are avoided rather than triumphed over; and neither M. Eugène Dekkert's nor Mr. Alexander Roche's seaside study is altogether free from this criticism, although in the latter case there is a distinct idea of life and movement, which would doubtless be out of place in a fishing harbour at low tide.

THE KENNEL CLUB SHOW.

The forty-sixth annual show of the Kennel Club, held at the Crystal Palace on Oct. 15, 16, and 17, showed a distinct advance on its predecessors both in regard to the number of the exhibits and the average quality attained—a very satisfactory feature, particularly noticeable in the classes for Scotch terriers, Skyes, and Dandy Dimonts. The splendid condition of the Irish wolfhounds, fifty-two of whom were exhibited this year as against twenty last year, was also much remarked upon. The mastiff class, on the contrary, dwindled from twenty to five. The entries of Great Danes, Borzois, toy and foreign dogs, bloodhounds, and fox-terriers were all good, the latter accounting for three hundred of the 1459 dogs benched. Among the exhibitors were the Duchess of Newcastle, the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Princesse de Montgony, and the Marquis of Anglesey.

M. SANTOS DUMONT AND THE DEUTSCH PRIZE.

M. Santos Dumont, the daring young Brazilian inventor, succeeded in rounding the Eiffel Tower in his navigable balloon on Oct. 19, and, in most people's estimation at all events, at length won the Deutsch Prize. A start was made early in the afternoon, and, aided by a strong breeze, the inventor steered round the tower nine minutes later. The return journey against the wind was much more difficult, but M. Santos Dumont nevertheless brought his vessel to the ground again only forty seconds after the half-hour. Had his guide-rope been caught and held immediately he crossed the grounds there is no doubt that he would have been within the time limit. The Count de Dion, on the aéronaut's descent, objected that the exact conditions of the prize had not been complied with.

FENCING AT BLENHEIM PALACE.

An interesting tournament between amateur swordsmen of France and England was held at Blenheim Palace on Oct. 19, in aid of a fund to benefit the poor of Woodstock and Bladon, of which the Duke of Marlborough is Lord of the Manor. The proceedings began with an exhibition of fence by MM. L. and P. Gournay, who gave the Academy salute and a graceful display of foiling. After exhibition encounters between M. Poret and Mr. Clay, and Mr. Doyne and Mr. Jenkins, came a pool with the modern French duelling-sword between English and French teams, the French fencers winning by seven points.

THE FIGHT WITH MALARIA.

We have on former occasions described the measures that are being taken to combat malaria in the Roman Campagna, with special reference to the experiments which have been instituted since the establishment of the discovery that the disorder is due to mosquito-bites. Our Illustrations this week deal with the beneficent work carried out by the Italian Red Cross Society, under the direction of Dr. Oreste Sgambati, for the benefit of the thousands of labourers who migrate into the Campagna district for the sowing and the harvest. These immigrants number in all upwards of 32,000, and have come from every corner of the Roman Province, and also from the most distant quarters.

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A comparatively rare animal in the menagerie in the Regent's Park is the creature best known by its Dutch title of aard-wolf (earth-wolf), although sometimes called the white hyaena. In general appearance it is, indeed, exceedingly like a small and light-coloured striped hyaena; but it differs so markedly from all the hyaenas in the character of its skull, and still more in its teeth (which are remarkably small and weak), that naturalists regard it as the representative of a group by itself. Unlike a hyaena, it has five (instead of four) front toes, and the crest of long hairs on the back is also very distinctive. The aard-wolf is confined to Africa.

The strange-looking lizard represented in our second Illustration is the most familiar representative of a small Australian group belonging to the great family of Agamoid lizards, so common in Asia, Africa, and Australasia. Among the particular features by which the bearded lizard is distinguished from its fellows are its stout build, its large and laterally swollen head, and the frill of spines on the sides of the neck.

The black or Alpine salamander is a smaller and darker coloured relative of the more familiarly known black-and-yellow species, to which so many popular superstitions are attached. The Alpine species, which ranges from Switzerland into the mountains of Styria and Bavaria, is found in moist woods on the banks of mountain streams. A fourth recent addition to the collection at Regent's Park is a specimen of Parry's Kangaroo.

THE DIPROTODON.

We are indebted to the recent researches of Professor E. C. Stirling, C.M.G., M.D., F.R.S., for a full knowledge of the huge herbivore, the Diprotodon, the giant marsupial of Australia, once distributed over the whole continent, and first recorded by Owen in 1844. Lake Callibona, where its remains were found, is one of those vast inland dried-up lakes, or "clay-pans," flooded in rains, but usually dry, and covered by a layer of stiff yellowish clay; it is fifty miles long and ten miles wide. Here in 1893 Professor Stirling, Director of the South Australian Museum, Adelaide, and his assistant, Mr. Zietz, discovered vast numbers of remains of these gigantic extinct marsupials, and many large wingless birds, like the emu (*Genyornis*), which apparently died where they lie, literally in hundreds. Vast labour has been expended by Professor Stirling and his staff in order to develop the bones from their coating of dry clay and lime salts. A series of parts of the skeleton has already been sent to the British Museum of Natural History, Cromwell Road, and more are to follow. It is hoped that an entire reconstruction of the animal will be made.

We understand that the prospectus of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, the well-known fine-art and book publishers, will appear in a few days, when subscriptions will be invited for a portion of both the ordinary and preference shares. The board of directors will comprise Messrs. Adolph, Gustave, and Herman Tuck, who have hitherto held sole control of the business, and also Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., whose position and experience in the literary and art worlds are likely to prove of great advantage to the new company.

The very great increase of business since they were established in 1882 has rendered it necessary for Messrs. Norman and Stacey to acquire more extensive and better-appointed premises. In view of the fact that their business has developed into the higher branches of artistic

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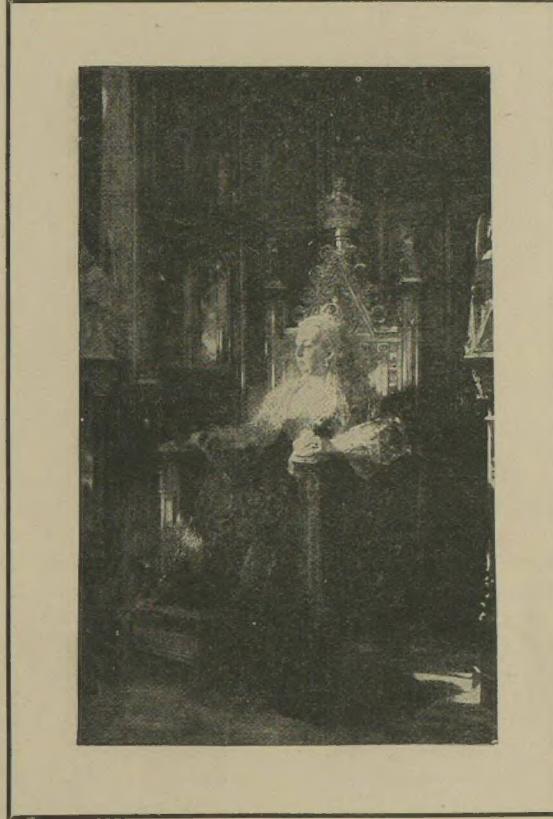
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DONATIONS will be most thankfully accepted by the Secretary, 77, Gloucester Street, S.W., who will also gladly receive subscriptions towards the maintenance of the Hospital.

Bankers: Barclay and Co., Pall Mall (Cheques to be drawn to the order of the Treasurer of the Hospital). Subscriptions will be acknowledged in the Press.

The following sums have been promised: W. Willett, Jun., Esq., £100; J. L. Walker, Esq., £100; Anon., per Edgar Willett, Esq., £100; H. G. Willink, Esq., £100; W. H. Warner, Esq., £100.

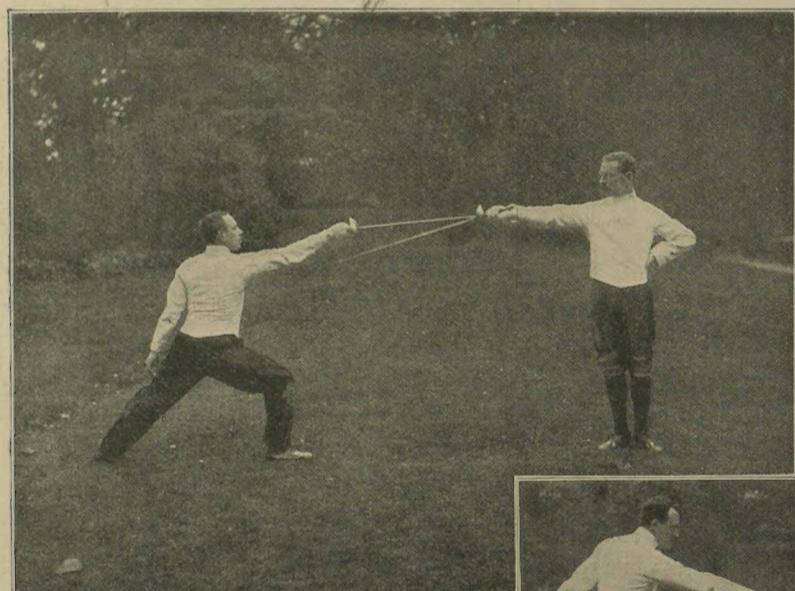
Proceeds of Comic Cricket Match, per Dan Lemo, Esq., £10. F. STUART, Secretary.

WEST INDIES.

THE IMPERIAL DIRECT MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICE.



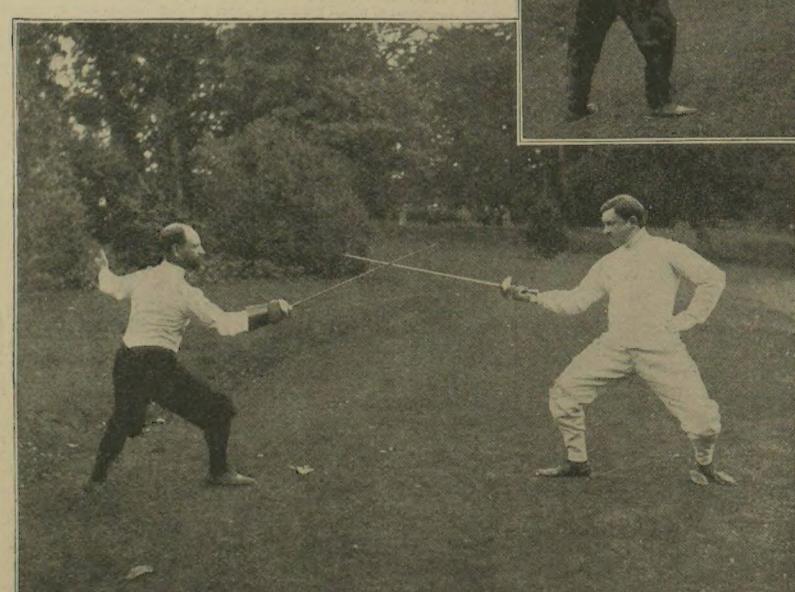
THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK VISITING THE BUFFALOES IN THE NATIONAL PARK AT BANFF.
SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



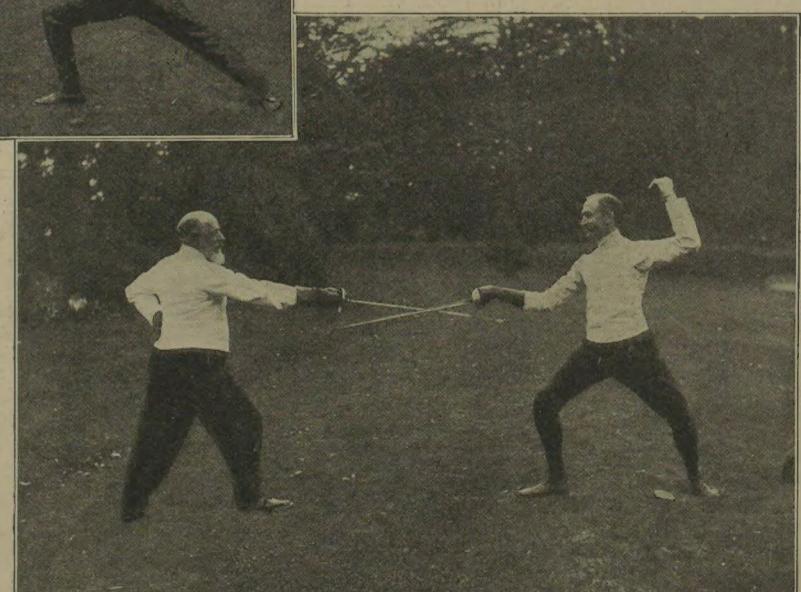
M. PORET (PARIS) v. DR. DUGAN (OXFORD).



M. P. GOURNAY (PARIS) v. MR. DOYNE (OXFORD).



MR. FELIX CLAY (LONDON) v. M. SOUTOUL (CALAIS).



M. ETTLINGER (PARIS) v.
MR. JENKINSON (LONDON).

M. L. GOURNAY (PARIS) v. MR. H. BALFOUR, M.A. (OXFORD).

M. SANTOS DUMONT'S DISPUTED WINNING OF THE DEUTSCH PRIZE, OCTOBER 19.

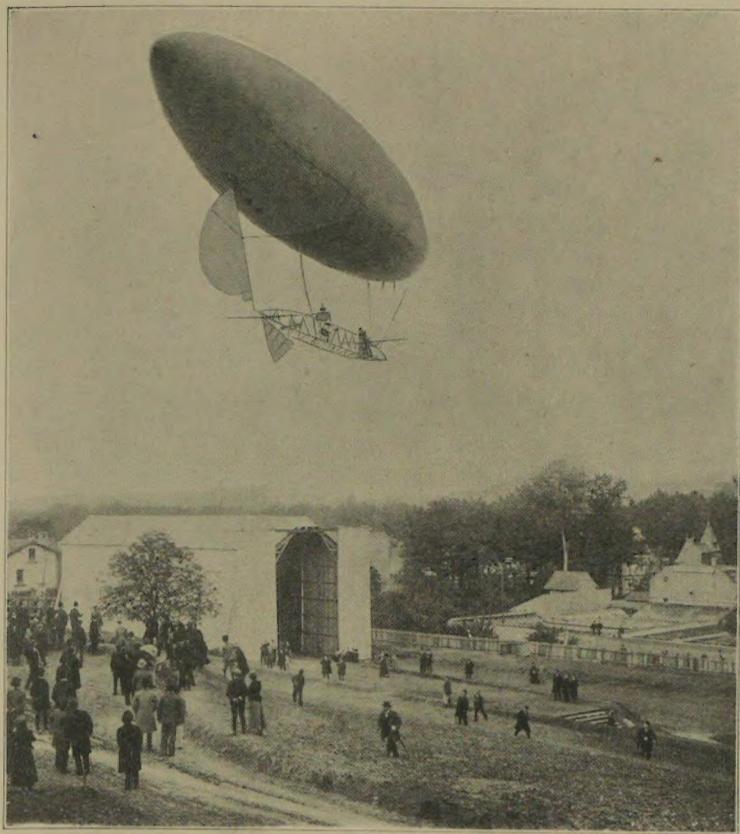
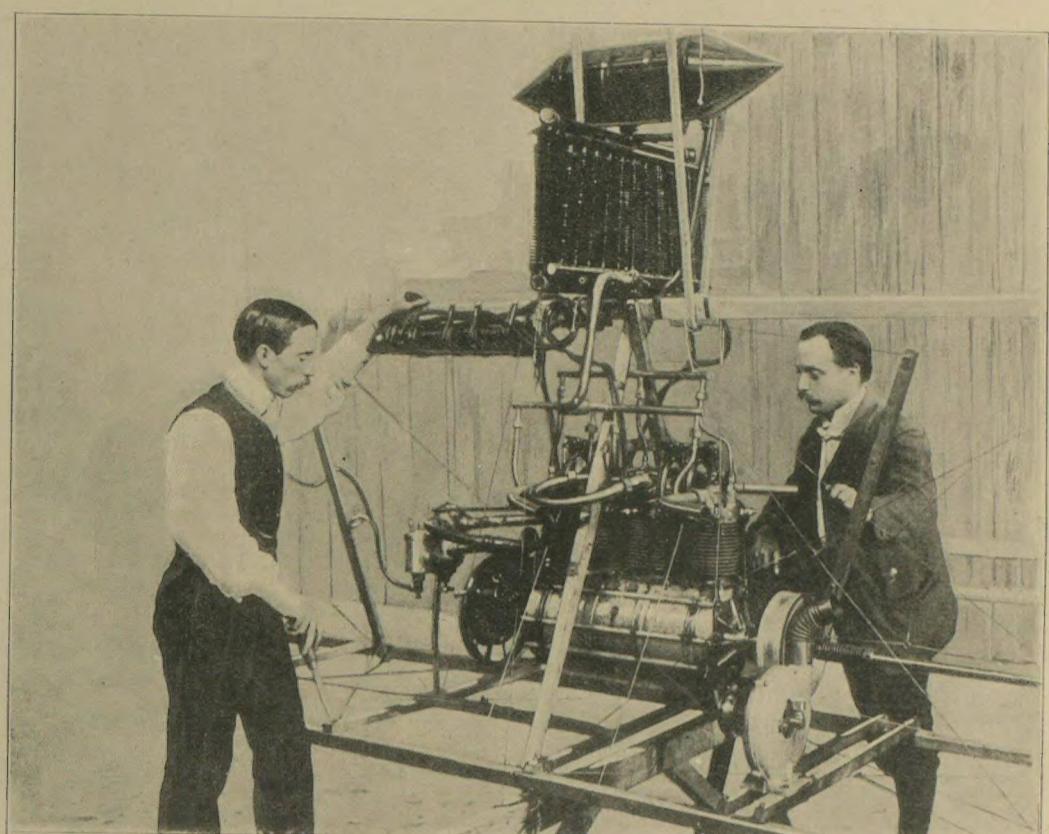


Photo. Jonon.
THE START FOR THE DOUBTFULLY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.



M. Santos Dumont.
Photo. Raffaele.
M. SANTOS DUMONT TESTING THE MOTOR OF HIS BALLOON.

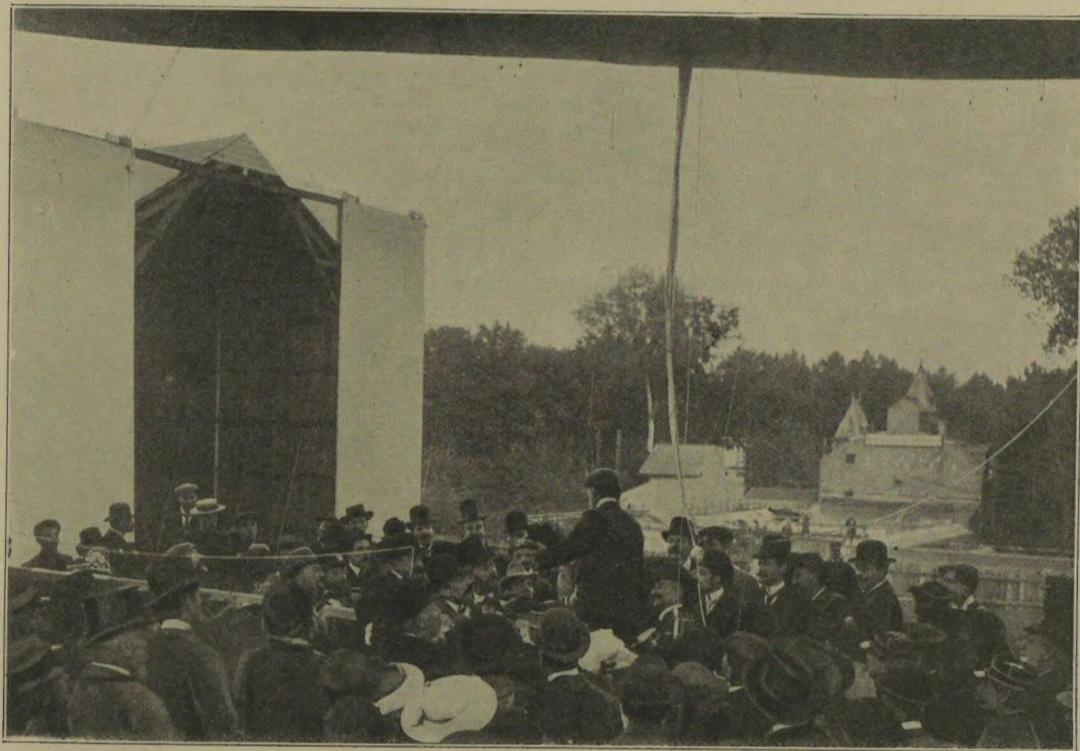


Photo. Jonon.
THE RECEPTION OF M. SANTOS DUMONT AFTER THE DOUBTFULLY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.



Photo. Jonon.
JUDGES AND OFFICIALS OF THE AÉRO CLUB.

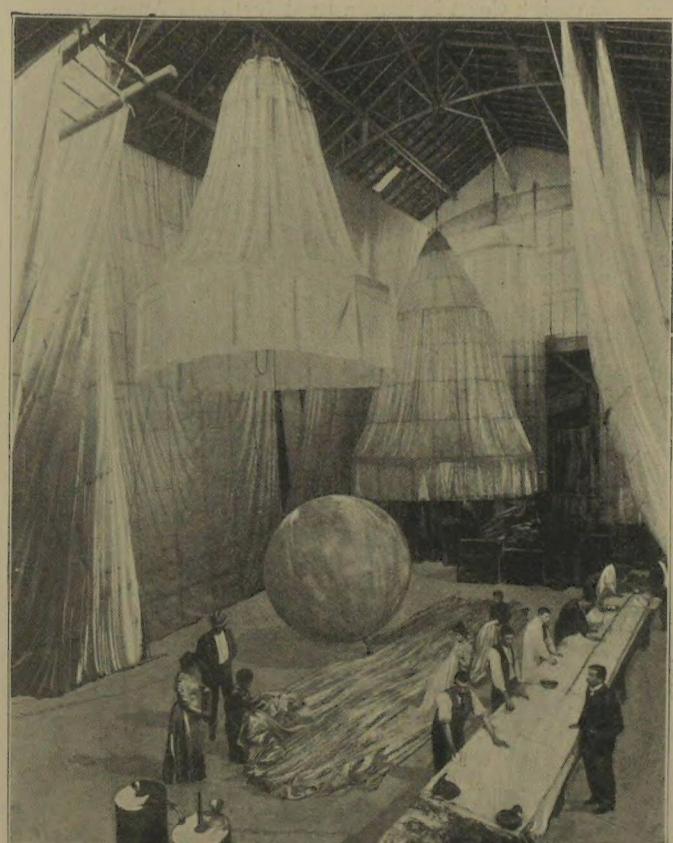


Photo. Raffaele.
VARNISHING THE SILK FOR THE "SANTOS DUMONT VI." AT LACHAMBRE'S BALLOON FACTORY.



Photo. Gribayedoff.
M. SANTOS DUMONT IN THE GROTESQUE BALLOON DEPARTMENT OF LACHAMBRE'S FACTORY.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James Henry M. Campbell, K.C., the new Solicitor-General for Ireland, was formerly M.P. for the Stephen's Green Division of Dublin. He has also acted as Senior Crown Prosecutor for the City and County of Dublin. He was born in County Dublin in 1851, and was educated at Kings- town School and Trinity College, Dublin, where he was Senior Moderator and Gold Medallist in Classics, and in History, Law, and Political Economy. He was also Auditor and Gold Medallist in Oratory. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1878, and he married Emily, daughter of John MacCullagh, R.N., and niece of the late James MacCullagh, Fellow and Professor of Mathematics at Trinity College, Dublin.

Mr. Roosevelt has caused a great commotion in the Southern States by entertaining Mr. Booker T. Washington at dinner at the White House. Mr. Washington is a negro, who has won considerable distinction by his intelligent and practical zeal for the education of his race. The President wished to consult him on matters relating to this life work, and treated him as an ordinary guest. In the South this is denounced as a "damnable outrage." It is said that Mr. Roosevelt's colour-blindness will damage his party in some of the State elections.

Mr. Joseph Walton, K.C., long indicated by rumour as the probable occupant of the earliest vacancy on the

Judicial Bench, learned his first law practice as the late Lord Russell of Killowen's "devil," and made a name in commercial cases, first of all in Liverpool, and afterwards in London. Of late years, few, if any, members of the Bar have been more heavily briefed than Mr. Joseph Walton, though he has not always or usually appeared in cases that met the public eye. Certainly no counsel in this class of case has won a

higher place than he in the estimation of Bench and Bar. Mr. Joseph Walton was born fifty-six years ago; he was educated at Stonyhurst College; and he married Teresa daughter of the late Mr. N. D'Arcy. As he has acted as a Commissioner of Assize on several occasions, and has been Recorder of Wigan since 1895, he will not come wholly as a novice to the Bench, which his presence will strengthen and adorn.

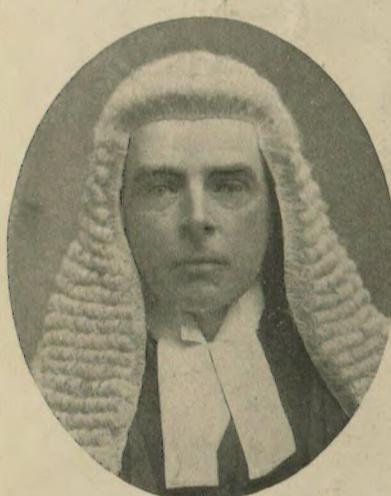
Lieutenant Cecil has married Miss Bain, the Lord Chancellor notwithstanding. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but the Lord Chancellor's writs do not run in Scotland. It is suggested that the Court of Chancery may lock up the bridegroom away from the bride until he attains his majority. This would be too ridiculous.

Mr. Frederick John Jackson, C.B., succeeds Sir Harry Johnston as Special Commissioner, Commander-in-Chief, and Consul-General for the Uganda Protectorate and adjoining territories—a string of titles which are by no means honorary. Many have been the troubles from within and without which, during the last few years, have called for watchful interest on the part of the representative of Great Britain; and there is no doubt as to the wisdom of finding for the successor of Sir Harry Johnston a man of close practical

Photo, Elliott and Fry.

MR. F. J. JACKSON,
New Commissioner of Uganda.

acquaintance with the land and the people within his oversight. Mr. Jackson has for some time discharged the duties of Vice-Consul and First-Class Assistant in the Protectorate, and had his C.B. two years ago in recognition of his services.



Photo, D'Arcy, Dublin.

MR. J. H. M. CAMPBELL, K.C.,
New Solicitor-General for Ireland.

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Sir James Charles Mathew, of whom we give a portrait on another page, takes the place of Sir Richard Henn Collins as a Lord Justice of Appeal. He was born seventy-one years ago at Bordeaux. The eldest son of Mr. Charles Mathew, of Lehenagh House, Cork, and Castlelake, Co. Tipperary, he was also nephew of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. At Trinity College, Dublin, the future Lord Justice was Senior Moderator and Gold Medallist. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Biron, of Lympne, Kent. Called to the Bar in 1854, he became in due course junior counsel for Lloyd's, and he held a brief for the Crown in the Tichborne case. His appointment to the Bench dates from 1881, and in 1892 he became chairman of the Evicted Tenants Commission. Six years ago he was made Judge of the Commercial Court.

The exact whereabouts of Miss Stone, the American missionary captured by brigands, is not, of course, known to others; but she is understood to be taken from pillar to post in the thickly wooded heights on the boundary-line between Turkey and Bulgaria. To demand a large money ransom for a lady's life is to put a premium upon their own capture; but the brigands manage to elude their pursuers by passing from one territory to the other. Roughriders for a relief party are in demand; but at sight of a pursuer the captors strap their captive to a horse and flee till they are out of reach. Miss Stone is said to have rough fare, which perhaps she will not much quarrel with. So have the two or three thousand Bulgarian troops who guard the frontier in her interest, and are said to suffer great hardships in the snow.

There is an unfounded impression in some quarters that the sentences of banishment on Boer leaders will not be carried out. It is true that they will need endorsement by judicial procedure, but this will not be lacking at the proper time. The idea that the sentences are empty threats is part of the encouragement held out to the Boers by their very singular friends.

Commandant De Wet has been slain by rumour. There is no reason to believe that he is not alive and well. He has taken no conspicuous part in the war since March; but it is idle to speculate on this inactivity, seeing that there are at least half-a-dozen Boer commanders who have shown themselves just as able.

The new Duke of Berwick and Alba is twenty-three years of age. He inherits a great batch of titles, including four Dukedoms and seven Marquises. Descended from James II. and Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, he has also in his veins the Irish blood of the Kirkpatricks and the Clanricardes; while his grandmother was the elder sister of the Empress Eugénie. His English titles, Duke of Berwick-on-Tweed and Earl of Tynemouth, in Northumberland, among the rest, were conferred on his ancestors by James II. in 1687, and were afterwards attainted. The late Duke thought at one time of taking steps to remove the attainer; but he found he had to be naturalised before he could do so, and any such step would have led to complications as to his Spanish citizenship and the Dukedom of Alba.

The Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square was handsomely decorated on Oct. 21, the anniversary of Nelson's death. It is scarcely credible, but some people object to this celebration on the ground that Frenchmen may not like it. Its main purpose is to stimulate national zeal for the efficiency of the Navy, and there may be foreigners who do not like that.

The Right Hon. Sir Richard Henn Collins, the new Master of the Rolls, was born fifty-nine years ago, and is the son of Mr. Stephen Collins, Q.C., Dublin, by his wife Frances, daughter of Mr. William Henn. On his mother's side he is grandson of Sir Jonathan Lovett, Bart. Sir Richard was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Downing College, Cambridge, where he was bracketed Fourth Classic, and became Fellow in 1865. In 1867 he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple; and in the following year he married Jane, daughter of the Very Rev. O. W. Moore, Dean of Clogher. In 1883 he took silk, and became Judge of High Court and a Knight in 1891. As arbitrator on the Venezuela Boundary Question in 1897, he did work which attracted the warm admiration of those under whose

personal observation it came; and his appointment as Lord Justice of Appeal and a Privy Councillor bore the same date. On another page we give his portrait.

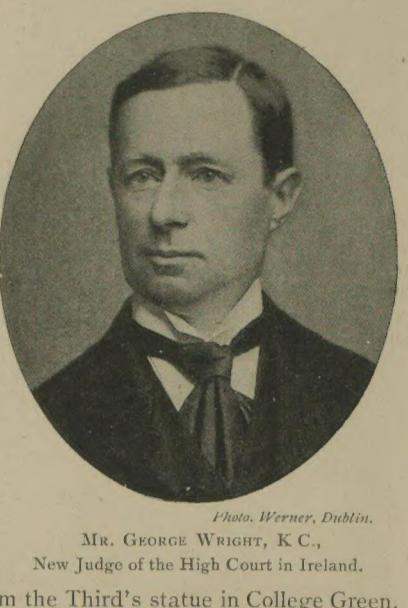
Mr. George Wright, K.C., who ceases to be Solicitor-General of Ireland, takes his place instead as a Judge of the High Court in the room of the late Mr. Justice Murphy. The new Judge has had a good standing at the Bar, and, rather luckily, has little or no political past. His only attempt to get into Parliament was when he contested Dublin University and was defeated by Mr. Lecky. The University has a little suspicion of representatives who are lawyers on the road to the Bench. Their attitude, when elected, has been compared to that of King William the Third's statue in College Green, which has its back towards the College and its face to the Castle.

The Nationalist candidate for Galway is Mr. Arthur Lynch, who is reported to have fought as a volunteer on the side of the Boers early in the war. If this should be substantiated, Mr. Lynch is likely to raise some interesting points of jurisprudence.

Mr. Gibson Bowles suggests that the King should preside over meetings of the Cabinet, apparently to inspire Ministers with a sense of duty. This idea is not favoured by Constitutional practice, and seems to have as little chance of being adopted as a scheme for appointing Mr. Bowles to the guardianship of the Cabinet.

Sir Archibald L. Smith has not survived for many days his retirement from the Mastership of the Rolls, nor for many weeks the death of his wife. Dating from that tragic event, his own illness took a change for the worse, and the end came on Oct. 20 at Wester Elches House, Aberlour, Morayshire, the home of his son-in-law. Sir Archibald, who was the son of the late Mr. Francis Smith, J.P., of Salt Hill, Chichester, was born in 1836, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and rowed in the 'Varsity races of 1857 and the two succeeding years. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1860. He was thirty-one when he married the daughter of Mr. J. C. Fletcher. During his career of advocate he did a great deal of work for the Treasury. He was appointed a Judge of the High Court in 1883, a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1892, and he succeeded the present Lord Chief Justice as Master of the Rolls at the close of 1900. His death leaves Sir John Day the only survivor of the three Judges who presided over the Parnell Commission—Sir Archibald Smith and Sir James Hannon having been the other two. The late jurist was noted for his courage, integrity, plain speech, and kindness of heart.

The capture of the notorious Italian brigand Musolino has created a great commotion. Parts of Italy have relinquished only very reluctantly a love, or at least a toleration, of brigands, imparted to the youth of most nations while it is still in the nursery. The Robin Hood legend in England has longer survived in the outlying districts of Italy; and even the present Pope, when a young ecclesiastic, had to be entrusted by the then Pontiff with armed force for the clearance of a whole district from brigandage. Musolino, though he is to be accused of six murders, and had upon him an incriminating notebook, has still, we are told, good hopes of an appeal to the adventurous spirit of the people and to the clemency of the King.



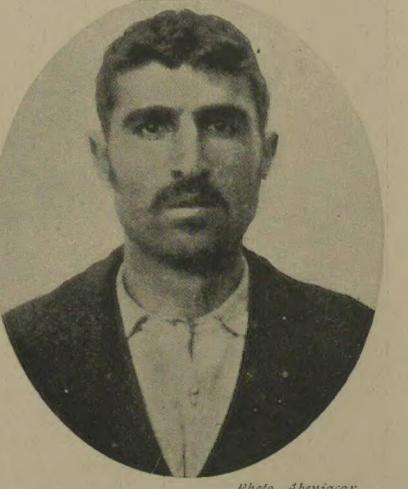
Photo, Werner, Dublin.

MR. GEORGE WRIGHT, K.C.,
New Judge of the High Court in Ireland.



Photo, Hills and Saunders.

THE DUKE OF BERWICK AND ALBA,
Succeeded to the Dukedom, October 15.



Photo, Abeniacar.

JOSEPH MUSOLINO,
Captured Italian Brigand.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

After a three weeks' sojourn in the Highlands, King Edward and Queen Alexandra returned to London on the morning of Oct. 22. The arrival was kept strictly private, and their Majesties immediately drove, without cavalry escort, to Marlborough House. On Oct. 16 the King presented war medals to twenty-six men of the 2nd Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Princess Louise's), which regiment supplied the guard of honour during the stay of the Court at Balmoral. The presentation was made before the main entrance of Balmoral Castle shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon, and there were present Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, and the children of the Duke of Cornwall. After the presentation his Majesty addressed the commanding officer, Major Mackenzie, whom he congratulated on the smartness of his men. His Majesty was glad to see soldiers whom he knew had been both wounded and sick in South Africa looking so well on parade. "I know full well," said the King, "the history of your distinguished regiment, and I have little doubt that the good name you have borne will always be maintained." The King concluded by bestowing on Major Mackenzie the Fourth Class of the Victorian Order, in recognition of the fact that that officer had commanded the first guard of honour in Scotland since the accession of the King. The silver medal of the same order was then presented to Sergeant-Major J. Lindsay. The general salute was given, and the company marched off the ground to the music of the bagpipes.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S TOUR.

During the Duke of Cornwall's return journey from Victoria, Vancouver, the Duchess was presented by the chief of



THE WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH STAKES, OCT. 16:
MR. HOULDsworth'S BALSAROCH.

Balsaroch, which started at 25 to 1, took the lead some five furlongs from the judge's box and held it until the end, winning by half a length. Mr. Kincaid's Black Sand was second, and Mr. A. Singer's Rambling Katie third.

is about 136 miles from Vancouver. Another Illustration depicts the royal visit to the corral at Banff, where the last specimens of the buffalo are preserved.

fell in the direction of the churchyard, and no injury was done to the main body of the building. The structure of the tower to the level of the belfry floor has now been condemned by the surveyor. Since the twelfth century there has been a Church of St. Nicholas at Deptford. In 1630 the building was enlarged, and in 1697 it was completely rebuilt with the exception of the tower, which is the only representative of the original structure. At St. Nicholas's, John Evelyn, the diarist, who lived hard by, was a regular worshipper.

LORD KITCHENER'S BLOCK-HOUSES.

Lord Kitchener's elaborate system of blockhouses, which has been so frequently mentioned of late, furnishes us this week with several interesting pictures of the miniature forts in course of construction. In consequence of the present tactics of the Boer leaders, the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa found it necessary to limit the area of their operations as much as possible, and he is now doing this by stopping the passes and by making use of natural obstacles, combined with a ring of blockhouses, erected at distances varying from 1000 yards to a mile apart, on the open ground, and so preventing the passage of the enemy's wagons. In the limited area formed our men can operate with hope of success, for even if small parties of the Boers break through the ring they cannot exist within it, as the district has been denuded of supplies. If they should find a place where food can be obtained they must remain there until our men can clear the ground and drive them into a corner or on to the ring of forts. By this system, too, a number of posts which, before it came into vogue, required a guard of from three to four hundred men, are now even safer with from seventy to a hundred men only to hold them. Thousands of soldiers have, consequently, been released from "sitting still" and enabled to rejoin the mobile columns. The material



THE ROYAL TOUR: GROUP OF TSIMPSIAN INDIANS WHO PRESENTED THE ANCESTRAL KITI-UM-SHAMORGAT, OR HAT OF THE CHIEFS, TO THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL.

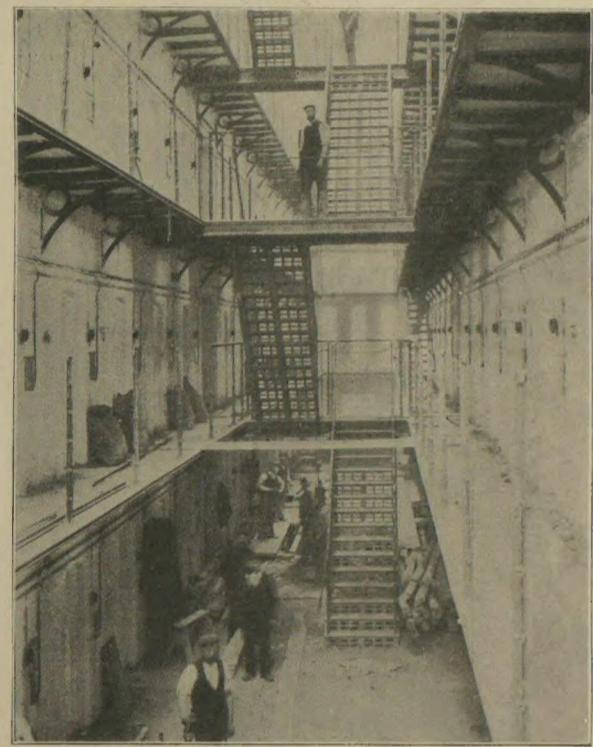
The headdress in the picture is worn by Chief Nelson, who made the presentation.

the Port Simpson Indians with the magnificent headdress which he wore. This adornment, known as the Kiti-um-Shamorgat, or Hat of the Chiefs, is always regarded by the Indians with the utmost veneration. It is, in fact, the crown of the Tsimspian chiefs. The actual headdress which was presented is worn by the Indian chief in our Illustration. It is made of wood, elaborately carved, and in front is designed like a mask. On the top is a fringe of hairs and bristles pulled from the beards of sea-lions. From the back of the Kiti-um-Shamorgat descends a splendid mantle composed of upwards of one hundred skins of the royal ermine. The heirloom, which is supposed to have been in the possession of the chiefs for "hundreds of generations," is regarded as of priceless value. "We can," said Chief Nelson, in making the presentation, "only give the daughter of our King the best we have." The Duchess admired the headdress, and repeatedly thanked the Indians for their gift. Our Illustrations this week deal with incidents of the tour which we have already described in former Numbers, and include the arrival at Vancouver, where their Royal Highnesses were received in front of the Court-House by the Mayor and Mayoress and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Japanese arch erected in Hastings Street by the Japanese Committee is in form precisely that of the arches usually found at the gates of the temples in Japan. While at Vancouver the Duke and Duchess visited the Hastings Saw Mills, and watched the cutting up of huge logs and other operations. On the railway journey between Yale and North Bend they rode on the cow-catcher of the engine, the better to enjoy the magnificent scenery through which they were passing. Yale

The Duke and Duchess left Halifax, Nova Scotia, on Oct. 21, en route for St. John's, Newfoundland.

ACCIDENT TO DEPTFORD CHURCH TOWER.

Part of St. Nicholas' Parish Church, Deptford, was blown down during a gale on Oct. 17. Fortunately the masonry



FORMER MILITARY PRISON AT BRIXTON, TO BE USED AS A HOUSE OF DETENTION.

for the smaller of the blockhouses, which are held by twelve men under a non-commissioned officer, can be carried by a single wagon; that for the larger ones by two wagons, one half-loaded. Twenty men accustomed to the work can build three of the forts in two days. Each is supplied with 8000 rounds of ammunition, food for fourteen days, and water for seven days in tanks carefully protected from rifle fire. The entrance is so small that it is necessary to crawl through it. A barbed-wire fence surrounds the whole. So effective have the forts been that the Boers have strict orders not to attack them, as the risk is too great.

BRIXTON PRISON.

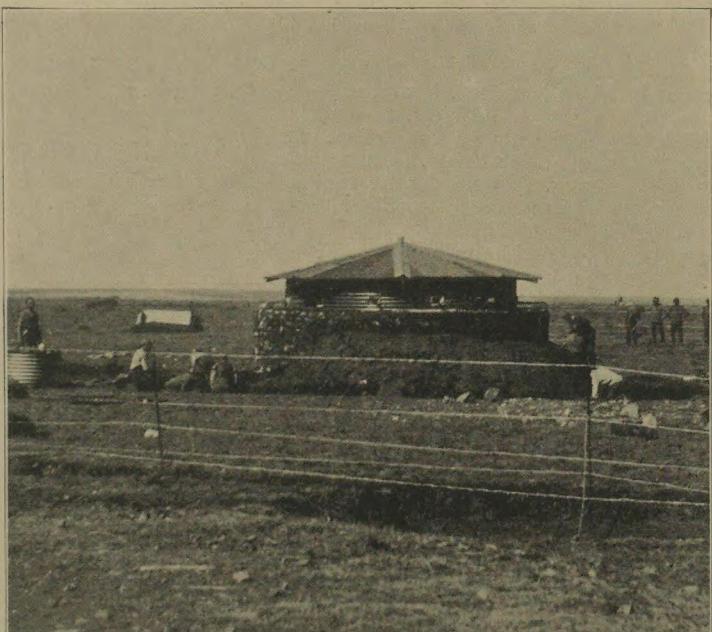
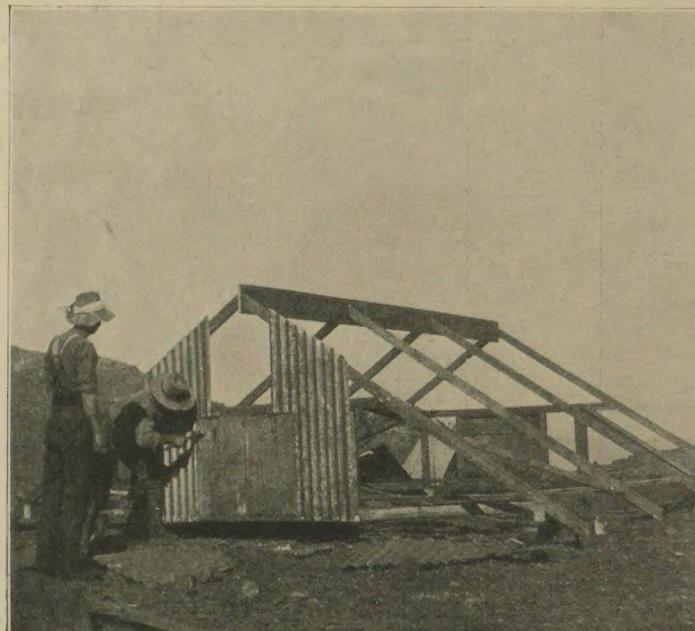
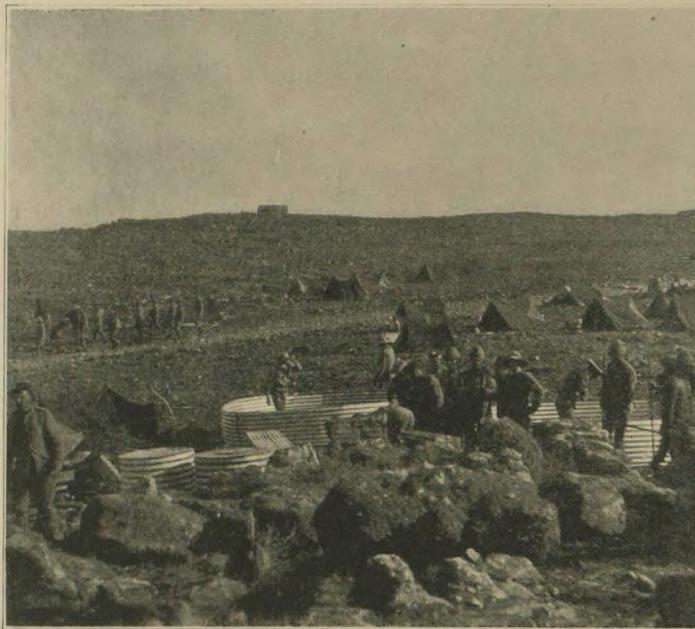
The work of reconstructing the old military prison at Brixton, which is to take the place of Newgate as a House of Detention for "male remands" and for criminals convicted of capital offences, is fast proceeding. The prison was built in 1820, and was for a considerable time used as a place of confinement for military convicts. The frequency of the escapes, however, and complaints of mismanagement decided the Government, in 1862, to convert the jail into a female convict establishment. Later, the use of other prisons for women criminals caused the building to fall into disuse for some years. The present alterations, which began some eighteen months ago, include an entirely new block of buildings and a new wing for "remands." The new block forms a model prison, is constructed of white bricks, is four storeys high, and will accommodate from five to six hundred prisoners. The cells are similar to those at Holloway.



THE TOWER OF ST. NICHOLAS, DEPTFORD, PARTIALLY BLOWN DOWN ON OCTOBER 17.

THE BUILDING OF LORD KITCHENER'S SYSTEM OF BLOCKHOUSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN C. N. STEPHENSON, 1ST KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS.



THE MATERIAL FOR BUILDING A BLOCKHOUSE.

COMPLETING THE ROOF.

A COMPLETED BLOCKHOUSE ON A HILL.

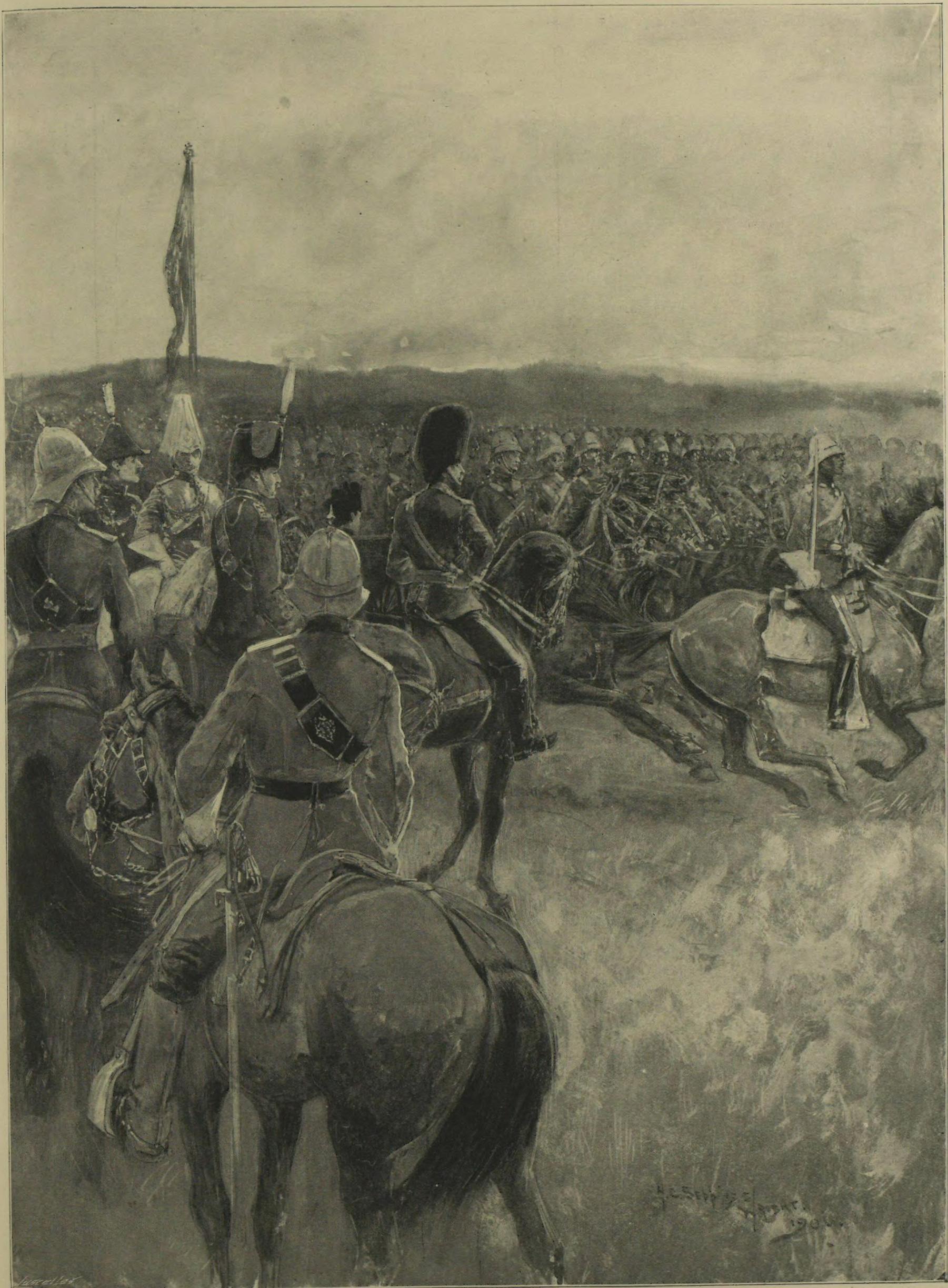
A BLOCKHOUSE HALF FINISHED.

LIFTING THE ROOF INTO POSITION.

A COMPLETED BLOCKHOUSE ON THE RAILWAY.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AT CALGARY.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



THE REVIEW OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, SEPTEMBER 28: THE GALLOP PAST.

The Canadians take a great pride in their Mounted Police, which is composed of picked marksmen of splendid physique. They are chiefly engaged in keeping order on the frontier. The force is commanded by Colonel Macdonald, who was wounded in South Africa.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL ON THE PACIFIC COAST.



Photo, Edwards Brothers, Vancouver.
THE VISIT TO VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER 30: THE RECEPTION
OF THE ROYAL PARTY BEFORE THE COURT-HOUSE.



Photo, Edwards Brothers, Vancouver.
THE VISIT TO VANCOUVER, SEPTEMBER 30: ARCH ERECTED
IN HASTINGS STREET BY THE JAPANESE RESIDENTS.



THE ROYAL PARTY WATCHING THE LOG-CUTTING AT HASTINGS SAW-MILLS, VANCOUVER.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.

SCENES OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOTMAN.



INDIAN BRAVES HOLDING A POW-WOW WITH THE DUKE AT CALGARY.

INDIAN BRAVES AT CALGARY.

THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AT CALGARY.

THE ROYAL TRAIN PASSING THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE ROYAL COLONIAL TOUR: THE DUKE OF CORNWALL ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CANADA.



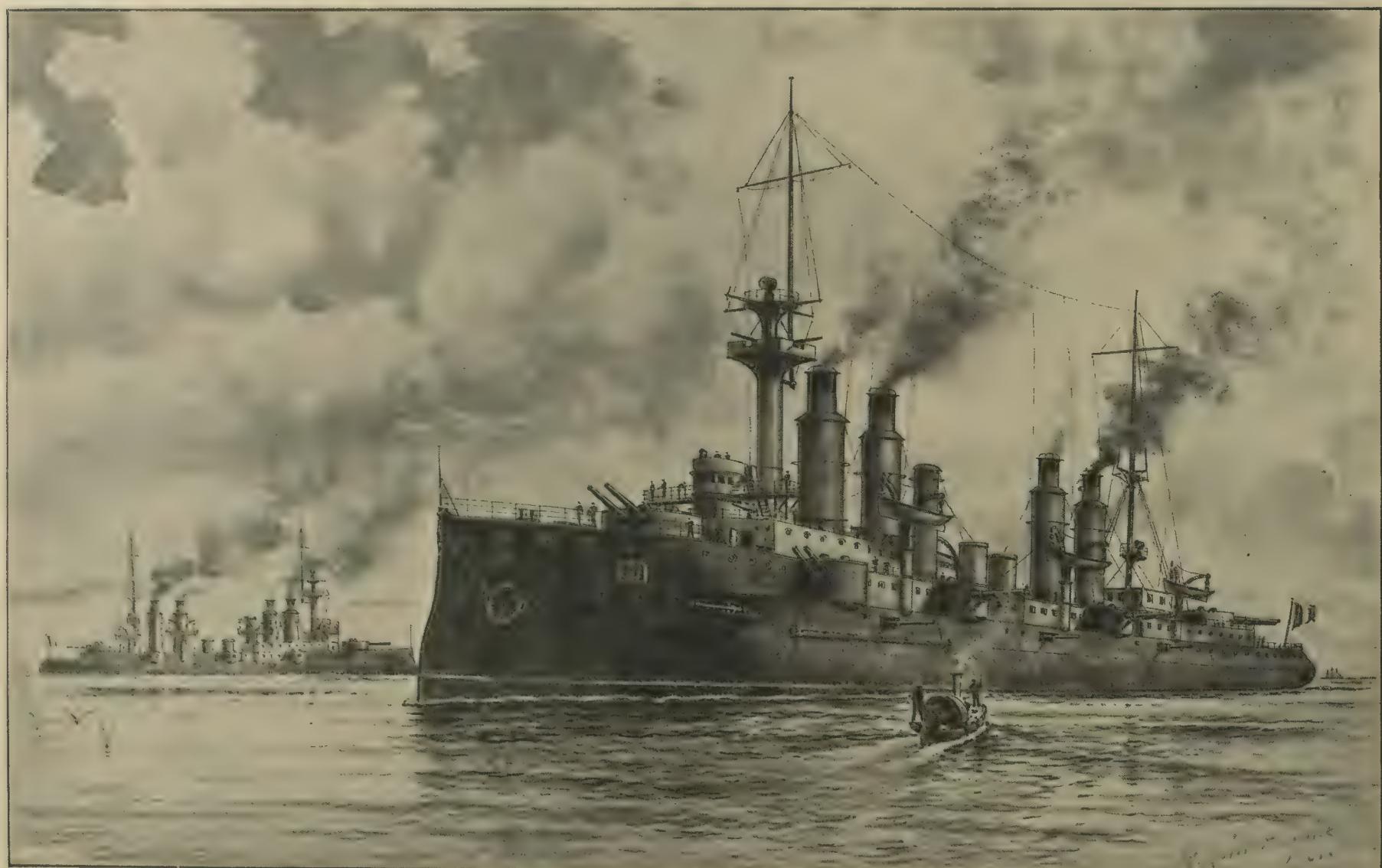
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL RIDING ON THE COW-CATCHER OF THE ENGINE BETWEEN YALE AND NORTH BEND.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE NEW MASTER OF THE ROLLS: THE RT. HON. SIR R. HENN COLLINS.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE NEW LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL: SIR CHARLES JAMES MATHEW.



THE NEW FIRST-CLASS FRENCH CRUISER, "LEON GAMBETTA," LAUNCHED AT BREST ON OCTOBER 24, AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.
The displacement of the new vessel is 12,416 tons, her length 476 feet, her beam 71 feet. She carries four 76 inch guns, sixteen 6½ inch guns, twenty-two 3-pounders, and two 1-pounders.

LOVE IN THE CITY.

By W. PETT RIDGE.



Illustrated by Gunning King.

MR. PARSONS (Parsons and Bell, Abchurch Lane) stopped as he was going out of the swing-doors for his four o'clock cup of tea, and called to his chief clerk. The chief clerk, a broad-shouldered young man, left his table and came forward.

"I opened," said Mr. Parsons in his impressive way, "a letter by mistake this afternoon, Mr. Nightingale. It was not addressed to the firm, a fact of which, when I had opened it, I speedily became aware."

"Not addressed to the firm?" repeated the chief clerk apprehensively.

"Nor to you, nor to you, Mr. Nightingale."

The chief clerk took off his pince-nez, and gave a sigh of relief.

"It was, it seems, addressed to this young man here who is good enough to undertake our foreign correspondence." A freckled-faced lad indicated by Mr. Parsons' wave of the hand bowed his head at his desk, affecting to be urgently absorbed in the task of hunting a rare word in the French Dictionary.

"The rules of the office, Mr. Nightingale," said Mr. Parsons, raising his voice, "are, I believe, communicated to our clerks by you when they first present themselves here to take duty?"

"I never fail to do that, Sir."

"Very well! Very well! Perhaps you will see this young gentleman, and ask him who the lady is who addresses him as 'My dearest, dearest Toffie!'" A suppressed grunt of amusement went round the mahogany desks, and the freckled-faced boy became more absorbed than ever in the French Dictionary. "'My dearest, dearest Toffie!'" repeated Mr. Parsons.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Charles Nightingale, "that one of our clerks should have so far forgotten himself."

"If this sort of nonsense is carried on in the firm of Parsons and Bell," snapped Mr. Parsons, holding the swing-door open, "it had better be kept uncommonly quiet. Marriage means either misery or a relaxing of attention to business, and to—er—appearance. Don't forget that, Mr. Nightingale."

"You have impressed it upon me already, Sir."

"Inform Mr. Bell when he comes in that I shall be back in twenty minutes." Mr. Parsons looked at his watch. "In a quarter of an hour, I mean. I have lost time over this preposterous letter to"—Mr. Parsons assumed a finicking tone—"My dearest, dearest Toffie."

Mr. Parsons steamed down Abchurch Lane into Cannon Street with the air of an exultant locomotive that has performed its duty. He went quicker than usual, and mild City people made way for him in order to avoid collision, for Mr.

Parsons was a masterful man and looked it. At Surbiton the rumour went that before his late wife ran away from him, his dictatorial management of household affairs was so emphatic as to have rendered that act almost excusable. His partner, Mr. Bell, a middle-aged bachelor, the quiet man of the firm, had shown much sympathy and kindness to him at the deplorable period referred to, and when news came of the wife's death, the two found themselves in emphatic agreement in regard to the disaster of marriage both in the general and in the particular. Mr. Parsons shunted across the roadway, the City constable stopping the traffic to enable him to do so. At the large tea-rooms he pushed aside two boys stopping the way and discussing the batting of Ranjitsinhji; he entered, with a nod to the young lady imprisoned in the cashier's box. Looking around the large square room before selecting his seat, he caught the eyes of the tall, slim, pleasant-faced manageress; he lifted his hat, and for his courtesy

was rewarded by a golden smile. The seats at the marble tables were well occupied by representatives of all classes, from bank directors down to office-boys. A tea-room in the City, like love, is able to level all ranks.

"Give me," said Mr. Parsons, taking a chair, "some strong tea, and—"

"Anything with it?" asked the stolid girl.

"Pray don't interrupt," begged Mr. Parsons testily. "And some toast. See that the toast is well done, and on no account omit, please, to—"

"Tea 'n' toast!" called the stolid girl, who had already gone back to the counter. The bright-faced young manageress coming along in her dark dress and neat white wristbands, the frown of annoyance slipped from Mr. Parsons' face. He found an envelope in his pocket, and took from it two cardboard tickets.

"Er—ah!" he said gently.

"Sir," said the young manageress.

"Can you spare a moment? Here are tickets for a concert at the Regina Hall to-night. I was wondering whether I might ask—"

"Sure you can spare them?" she asked delightedly. "I should be so glad to go. And to take my—?" She stopped. "You are not going?"

"Heaven forbid! Who will accompany you, did you say?"

"A brother," said the young manageress calmly.

"Excellent!" declared Mr. Parsons with approval. "I've no ear for music myself; don't know one tune from another, so I never go to concerts. The National Anthem I always recognise because people stand up; otherwise—"

"I hope the lum-bago is better."

"Much better," said Mr. Parsons; "much better, my dear young lady." He leaned across the table, and his face took an unaccustomed smile of waggishness. "I believe it disappeared because you expressed a hope that it would do so."

"If I could only get everything I wanted by wishing!" she said.

"Nothing else ought to be necessary," said Mr. Parsons definitely.

He watched her as she went quietly up and down the gangways between the marble tables, awaking now and again lymphatic young lady assistants, and giving a word to regular *habitués*: she had a graceful manner of walking, and there were little turns of the head that attracted. A plate of toast slapped down in front of Mr. Parsons startled him and brought him back to the realities. The stolid girl tore off a postage-stamp sort of bill, and partially covered a yawn with her book. Her tables being in good order and well supplied, she retired to her seat, where,



"Here are tickets for a concert at the Regina Hall to-night."

with two other heavy young women, she discussed the subject of blouses for Sunday wear during the ensuing autumn. Mr. Parsons, sipping noisily at his tea, found his attention again taken by the tall, black-gowned figure, now looking out of the window. The smell of toast before him seemed to suggest domesticity, and he began to wonder whether, after all, he had been right in assuming that all marriages were unfortunate. Perhaps he had not behaved with sufficient tact towards that tremulous woman who had been his first wife: he should have taken her out more or have afforded her greater liberty of action. If ever he should again make the experiment, he would of course profit by this knowledge. It would certainly be the oddest thing if, after all these years of obstinate argument on one side, he were to desert the position suddenly and—

"Heavens!" he said half aloud, "I've been here twenty-five minutes. What on earth will the office think?"

He hurried to the cashier's box, and paid the beleaguered young woman there. Turning to say goodbye to the manageress, he found her listening in a detached, uninterested way to a garrulous old lady who had had some dispute of imperial importance with a bus-conductor. Her face brightened as she came forward.

"Thank you again for the tickets," she said. "I'm afraid I don't know the name of the gentleman to whom I am indebted, although as a customer—"

"My name is Parsons," he said with important gravity. "Now you must tell me your name?"

"Not Parsons and Bell!" she said quickly.

"My firm is, I think, fairly well known."

"Yes, yes! Of course."

"You haven't told me your name." She gave the information. "I shan't forget," promised Mr. Parsons. "Good-bye, Miss Lang."

He puffed back to Abchurch Lane, and, arrived at the office, nodded to the young chief clerk; and Nightingale, with much readiness, changed coat, and hastened off for his twenty minutes. In the private office Mr. Bell, the sleeping partner, was, appropriately enough, dozing; he awoke when Mr. Parsons entered, and assumed an attitude of extraordinary wakefulness.

"I'll sign these letters, Bell," said Mr. Parsons briskly, "and then I want you to give me ten minutes."

"I'm going to do some golf this evening," said Mr. Bell. "I want shaking up." Mr. Parsons went through the pile of letters, making a few alterations here and there, whilst Bell, on two chairs, watched him and talked. "What is it helps you to keep so well, Parsons? Worry?"

"Just enough to keep me fit," said Mr. Parsons, dashing the foundation-scroll to a signature. "Now you, Bell, never have anything to disturb you: result is, you're stout and heavy and never comfortable. You want someone who would direct your life and look after you."

"Parsons," said Bell, almost excited, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"My dear fellow," cried Parsons, touching the bell, "you're growing into—see to these letters, Martin—growing into a perfectly useless member of society."

"Think so?" said Bell feebly.

"I'm sure of it." Mr. Parsons reached across the table and touched his partner's arm in a confidential way. "Has it ever occurred to you, Bell, that this persistent antipathy of yours to marriage may be based on a misconception?"

"My antipathy?" echoed Bell.

"Your antipathy."

"Well, but," stammered the partner, "you were the first to argue in that way, and I agreed with you just for the sake of—"

"Exactly," interrupted Mr. Parsons. "And in doing so you became responsible for the position. If at that time I found myself in accord with your views, it was because of a lamentable occurrence to which I need not more particularly refer. The rule that we have laid down in regard to our young men must always be maintained, because youth never makes a discreet choice. It is when a man arrives at the prime of life, Bell—at the prime of life, I say—that he brings solid common-sense to bear on the question."

"You must really excuse me, Parsons," begged Bell plaintively. "I admire you very much as a man of business, but I so seldom change my mind that I find this sudden facing round rather confusing."

"Facing round?" repeated Mr. Parsons with sternness. "I should very much like to know what you mean by that expression."

"Well," said the partner, with a weak attempt at boldness, "when I say facing round, I mean facing round."

"Are you awake, Bell?" The partner nodded. "You are awake, and yet you dare to suggest that I am altering my views. Why, hang it," cried Mr. Parsons, with a sudden explosion of annoyance, "next I suppose you will accuse me of being illogical!"

"I shouldn't go as far as that," declared Bell apologetically; "and if I have said anything to hurt your feelings I apologise." Mr. Parsons growled. "And now if you don't mind I'll go and have a decent feed up West before I go on for my little turn at Tooting. Five fifteen," added Bell, looking at his watch. "And I haven't looked at food since half-past two."

Mr. Parsons walked up and down the office in a state of heated indignation after his partner had gone; it required all the adroitness of his chief clerk upon returning from tea to induce him to talk upon business matters with coherence. Young Nightingale was a man with tact, and he made only one mistake that evening. This was to urge with all respect his claims to an increase of salary.

"My dear Nightingale," said the active member of the firm, in his most impressive way, "I think you ought

to know me well enough by this time—you have been here since you were a boy—to feel sure that I am not one of those who say one thing to-day and another to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow," urged the young man "would be early enough for me."

"I think you earn a very good salary, Mr. Nightingale, and one quite adequate to your needs. If a bachelor can't live at Clapham on the money you get, it's his own fault."

"But if I were to marry, would you—"

"If you were to marry, Nightingale, I should dispense with your services at once. That you very well know. Kindly drop the subject, or I shall lose my temper."

"Perhaps you won't object then, Sir, if I look out for a fresh berth."

"Berths and marriages," cried Mr. Parsons explosively, "are all you confounded young men think of. Go away, for goodness' sake, and leave me to myself."

The chief clerk dropped his pince-nez, and with rather a set look upon his clean-shaven face, went out. Left alone, Mr. Parsons walked up and down his private office talking quietly to himself in the way of men who live a good deal alone. He heard the clerks leave one by one, each giving to the other as he left an intimation of the way in which he proposed to spend the evening. Mr. Parsons sighed and wished that he, too, were an irresponsible youth with experience to be gained. It was all very well to congratulate oneself on that knowledge of the world which age alone can bring, but just now he confessed to himself that this state had its drawbacks, and he would have resigned it willingly to change places with the freckled-faced lad, who, just then leaving, was being addressed as "Toffie" (a title likely to become permanent), and charged with divers messages to the lady who had written the letter.

Then Mr. Parsons did an odd thing.

He took a sheet of office paper and wrote a letter. At first he seemed in doubt as to the phraseology to be used, but after a while his pen ran more easily, and Mr. Parsons read, when he had finished, with the air of a critic—

My dearest—

The memory of our last meeting is warm in my heart—

"You can't," said Mr. Parsons to himself argumentatively, "mention the word 'heart' too often."

... Warm in my heart, and I am counting the hours, nay the minutes, until we see each other again. I wish I could tell you how dear you are to me, and how happy I am in feeling that your love is mine. My heart—

"That's twice," said Mr. Parsons.

... My heart bounds with joy at the thought of you; to write your dear name makes my hand tremble. Time was when I thought all such happiness was, for me, past and gone; that my worn heart—

"Three times. Hope that's not overdoing it."

... My worn heart would never know the sweet content of love again. I thank Heaven a thousand times a day that this is not so, and that you, my dearest heart—

"Four!"

... My dearest heart, will soon be mine alone. Till then and always, believe me, my dearest, your affectionate lover,

ROBERT C. PARSONS.

Mr. Parsons went through the letter very carefully; the only change he thought fit to make was the deletion of the name and substitution of a more intimate form of his Christian name.

"Haven't lost the knack of writing a love-letter, any way," he said contentedly.

He had intended to destroy the letter when he had finished, but he found it impossible to do this; instead he folded the letter very carefully and placed it in his pocket-book. The outer office was empty now, and an elderly woman with a broom and pail and flannel was assisting the place with its evening toilette, singing a hymn as she worked. Stools were standing heads downwards on the desks; waste-paper baskets were being worn rakishly by the brass rails. Mr. Parsons, going out in a sprightly way, bade the woman "good-night" so cheerily that the woman gasped, and, astonished out of all thought, forgot where she had broken off in song, and was thus forced to recommence the hymn. Mr. Parsons, as he went along King William Street, would have sung too, but this recreation being denied to him, he talked gaily to himself; gave pennies away to match-sellers; begged everybody's pardon, and felt about fifteen years younger than he really was.

"I've an idea!" said Mr. Parsons to the Peel statue in Cheapside. The Peel statue looked dark, and showed no interest. "I'll have a chop, and go on to that concert."

Wherefore, at the hour of half-past eight Mr. Parsons at the box-office of the hall bought one of the few remaining seats, and accepted from the clerk congratulations on the fact. He found that his place was in a row of the circle, and it gave him some trouble to find Miss Lang amid the sloping forest of heads in front, for when he stood up the better to do this, those in the seats behind growled with indignation, and one old lady prodded at his back with the ferrule of her umbrella. After he had endured a trio which lasted eighteen minutes by the clock, and had much the same effect upon him as the siren-whistles of steam-tugs on the river would have had, a brief opportunity came, and, standing up again, he found her. By her side in the next stall was a square-shouldered man, and she was chatting to him in a vivacious way; he seemed to be nodding assent, and Mr. Parsons did not blame him for this, for even a brother might well agree with each and every argument submitted by a young woman with Miss Lang's manner.

"During the interval," said Mr. Parsons acutely, "I'll get her to introduce me." Just as well to know the family."

Mr. Parsons has since wondered how in the world he

managed to endure the rest of Part One of that concert. Only the occasional glimpses of Miss Lang's white neck in the distance kept him from creeping furtively out of the hall. The interval did come at last, and then people in the circle stood up, and some paid flying visits to friends; Miss Lang, looking round to see how other women were dressed, saw Mr. Parsons struggling to get past a solid square of matrons. She whispered to her companion, and taking her cloak, hurried out of Row D, and encountered Mr. Parsons in the gangway.

"What a concert!" said Mr. Parsons despairingly.

"I think it is delightful."

"I couldn't stand another ten minutes if it were to save my life."

"You are going, then, Mr. Parsons?"

"I don't know why in the world I ever came here. Unless—here he bowed his head—"unless it was to have the pleasure of seeing your bright, happy face."

"Mr. Parsons," she said good-temperedly, "the purchase of a cup of coffee entitles anybody to that."

"Won't you be glad some day to give it all up?"

"More glad than I can tell you. At present there seems but little chance—"

"My dear Miss Lang," touching her arm, "it may come sooner than you think. Your brother will see you home, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, of course! I shall be well looked after."

"It is a happy man," said Mr. Parsons, in his most emphatic and impressive style, "it is a happy man, Miss Lang, who has that honour."

"Good-bye, Mr. Parsons," she said, holding out her hand, "and thank you again for your kindness."

"I am your debtor," he said.

It seemed to Mr. Parsons as he walked out into Langham Place that he had comported himself excellently in the conversation; had said the right thing in precisely the right way; had assumed that manner of polite restraint which, he flattered himself, no younger man would have possessed. It needed but five minutes' argument with himself as he walked down Regent Street towards his club to feel sure that he had made a good impression; and that Miss Lang, being a square-headed young woman, was not insensible to the attractions of a City man of middle age. Five minutes' rest in his club with a cigar, and he had argued away any opposition that Miss Lang might urge on the grounds of disparity of age. Twenty minutes later, and he, still by the process of mental debate, had proposed in set form, had been accepted, and was choosing new furniture for his house at Surbiton. He was considering the point of retaining his old housekeeper, when he found himself brought back to actuality by the sudden remembrance that he had omitted to take advantage of the opportunity of being introduced to a member of the family.

"It's not too late," he cried, looking up at the clock of the smoking-room. "I'll get back there and catch them as they come out."

His hansom arrived at the doors as the early people were leaving to catch trains for distant homes. Mr. Parsons stood in the shadow with his coat-collar turned up, and prophesied lumbago as a result of standing in a draught. The numbers of people leaving increased; the first good wave broke through the double spring doors, and Mr. Parsons started forward. The next moment he started back.

"Nightingale!" he cried. "Nightingale, and no one else! The cheek of the man! I'll sack him as sure as my name's what it is."

The young pair caught a Waterloo omnibus at the corner, and caught it so deftly that Mr. Parsons, hurrying along with intention of speaking to them and demanding heatedly of his chief clerk an instant explanation, found that they were off before he could reach them. Civilisation has, however, provided for incidents of this nature, and Mr. Parsons, in a hansom, was able to keep close to the omnibus all the way down to the Strand and over Waterloo Bridge. Painful to see that they were sitting closely together on an outside seat: Mr. Parsons grew scarlet with indignation when a flash of light sent across the end of Waterloo Bridge showed that Nightingale was touching her ear with his lips.

"We've lost it," he heard Nightingale cry as they ran up the slope to the station.

"Doesn't matter, dear," replied the young woman. "Only quarter of an hour to wait." She laughed. "I hope our friend Mr. Parsons hasn't seen us."

"If he were to come up here now," said Nightingale definitely, "I should simply tell him the truth, and chance it. I should say, 'Mr. Parsons, will you allow me to introduce you to my dear wife?'"

"Dear, dear husband!" she said quietly.

Consultation the next morning in Abchurch Lane between the two partners of the firm of Parsons and Bell. Mr. Parsons, walking up and down the inner office, the door being securely closed, delivered a brief lecture to Bell—a lecture composed during a thoughtful, sleepless night—in the course of which he pointed out that youth would ever behave as youth had been in the habit of behaving, and cast-iron rules devised to prevent this were only fixed up in order that they might be pulled down again. From this premise, by easy stages, Mr. Parsons argued that the rule forbidding their clerks to leave single life should now be rescinded as being rococo, unworkable, and ridiculous. The astonished Bell gave in readily on this point; agreed also to Mr. Parsons' proposal to grant their chief clerk a sensible increase of salary in order to retain Nightingale's services. When Mr. Parsons took his letter-case to show his partner the figures that he suggested, a note fluttered out, and Bell, picking it up, could not avoid seeing that it commenced with the words: "My dearest."

"This yours?" asked Bell with a respectful smile.

"Well," replied Mr. Parsons, taking the note and tearing it slowly and very thoughtfully into several pieces, "it doesn't really belong to anybody."

THE END.

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, AND A RESTORED MARSUPIAL.



THE ALPINE SALAMANDER.



THE BEARDED LIZARD.



LASSELL'S

THE AARD-WOLF.



PARRY'S KANGAROO.



THE DIPROTODON: THE GIANT MARSUPIAL OF AUSTRALIA, RECONSTRUCTED FROM REMAINS DISCOVERED BY PROFESSOR E. C. STIRLING, OF ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY.



THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA: AN INDABA HELD AT THE KRAAL OF THE CHIEF SIPOLILO BY CAPTAIN PEEKE, 65TH I.Y., IN THE NORTH LO MAJUNDA DISTRICT

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM SKETCHES BY SURGEON-CAPTAIN B. WHYTE, I.Y.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Of late days there has been an attempt to revive the memory of Luigi Cornaro. I do not doubt Cornaro's name and fame are unknown to many of my readers, yet his experiences - and those of others - are well worth referring to in connection with a certain scientific question of no slight importance. This question may be very plainly embodied in the inquiry, "Do we eat too much?" Naturally this question would seem superfluous when applied to a goodly number of our fellow-men, but when it deals with the nutritive ways and works of the well-to-do portion of society, it may be found to possess an application of very far-reaching kind indeed.

I do not doubt that most of us consume more food than is required for the two great purposes subserved by our daily bread. These are: first, the repair of such bodily substance as may demand renewal; and, secondly, the providing us with "energy," which is simply "the power of doing work." A man in this sense really resembles a locomotive. He has to make good the wear and tear of his machinery, and he has to supply coal and water (in the shape of certain food elements) in order to develop energy. The argument of the physiologist is that many persons consume food far in excess of their actual needs. Naturally, this fact accounts for many cases of obesity. If a man of forty-five or fifty will persist in taking as much nutriment as when he was thirty years old, he will probably pay for his excess in laying on a good deal of "too, too solid flesh," or otherwise fat. This is especially likely to happen if he limits his exercise. At fifty he cannot be as active as of yore, and he will therefore accumulate a kind of deposit receipt at the bank of nutrition in the shape of an increase of girth and weight that is by no means acceptable or necessary.

There is ample evidence that - leaving the personal equation out of sight - most persons can live, thrive, and enjoy good health on a diet which falls, in respect of amount, below that to which they are accustomed. That which is demanded for healthy existence is a sufficiency of the food elements required for tissue repair and for the generation and production of energy. Different persons exhibit wide variations, however, in the amounts needed for healthy subsistence - I mean the minimum amounts but in many of the reported cases these amounts have been below those which science declares to be usually necessary for the due support of the frame. Take, for example, the case of Thomas Wood, the miller of Billericay. His history was made the subject of a report to the College of Physicians of London in 1767 by Sir G. Baker. The miller, it appears, was a hale and hearty man, vigorous and alert, and "not slothful in business." Yet his diet for at least eighteen years was what one can only term meagre in the extreme. He lived on a pound of flour per day, which he made into a pudding with water, and it is added that he took no liquid at all beyond what was contained in his pudding.

Now if we look at the composition of a pound of flour, we find it to be composed of about 1.72 ounces of nitrogenous or tissue-building substance in the shape of gluten, about 0.30 of an ounce of fat, and about 11.28 ounces of starch and sugar, the remainder being made up of water and minerals. That this is terribly spare fare nobody can doubt, seeing that for the ordinary worker a daily water-free diet of about 4.50 ounces of nitrogenous food is needed, with about 2.90 ounces of fat, 14.26 ounces of starches and sugars, and a little over an ounce of mineral matters. How the miller contrived to live healthily and well on his meagre allowance is hard to say. Perhaps his "personal equation" suited the bare diet he enjoyed; but it may be said that on such fare an ordinary man would have starved.

Cornaro's case is related by him in a series of letters he wrote advocating his mode of life. One powerful argument which certainly he might have used to good purpose in favour of his régime was that he lived to be over a hundred years of age. Perhaps the "personal equation" has again to be considered here. Cornaro was mentally active almost to the last, for his letters were written when he was over eighty years of age. Cornaro was a Venetian of noble blood, and lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It was when he began to advance fairly in years that he instituted his diet system. This fact constituted probably the keynote of his success. The reduction of diet highly suitable for the middle-aged or old would probably have failed altogether in the case of a younger man. As far as I can discover, he began his experiments after his fortieth year. His previous life had not been unmarked by various disorders - indeed, he frankly says that he had suffered from gout, a slow fever, a deranged stomach, and "a perpetual thirst." Resolving to try limitation of his diet, he persevered for a year to start with, and relates that he then found himself free from all his complaints.

His own words are interesting: "I chose wine suited to my stomach, drinking of it but the quantity I knew I could digest. I did the same by my meat, as well in regard to quantity as to quality, accustoming myself to contrive matters so as never to clog my stomach with eating or drinking; but constantly rose from the table with a disposition to eat and drink still more." This last item is of high importance. It is the sense of over-repletion that has to be guarded against if we would enjoy a fair measure of health. Then Cornaro goes on to say that "a man to consult his health must check his appetite," and later on, "what with bread, meat, the yolk of an egg, and soup, I ate as much as weighed in all twelve ounces, neither more nor less." As regards his wine, he limited his potations to fourteen ounces a day. These amounts of food and drink he divided into his various meals. Such was Cornaro's case. If it illustrates any principle worth following at all, it teaches the wisdom that guards against satisfying fully the wants of the flesh, especially when we reach the forties.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.
W. H. DAUBENY (Chesterfield). — No, the Black King cannot take the White Knight, and in the position you submit he is mated. The power of the White Pawn at Q 4th against the Black King is not diminished because it is pinned by the Black Bishop at Q Kt 3rd.

F. CLARKE (Bingham). — Thanks for diagram, which shall receive our consideration.

C. E. CARTER. — Position to hand. We will report upon it in a future issue.

JOHN M. MOORAT. — We find your problems rather too elementary to be able to use them. We shall be glad to look at further compositions.

H. LORETTA (Sligo). — We are sorry we cannot make use of your problems, but will examine any further positions.

H. D' O BERNARD. — A very good problem.

N. M. GIBBINS (Brighton). — On further consideration of your problem, we think it would not do your skill sufficient justice.

J. F. MOON. — Thanks for your compliment to No. 3000.

A. W. DANIEL and F. W. MOORE. — Problems to hand, with thanks.

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2008.—BY F. THOMPSON.

WHITE.

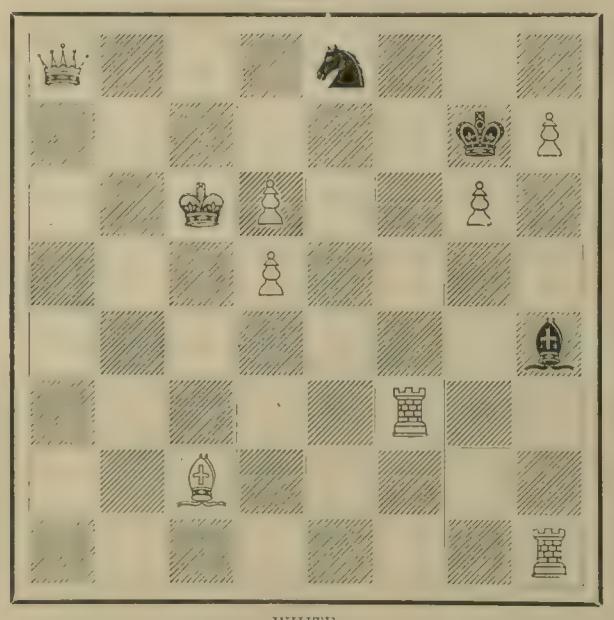
BLACK.

1. Q to K B 5th B takes P
2. R takes B B to K 4th
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. Kt takes P, 2. Q takes P (ch); if 1. B to Kt 2nd, 2. Kt to R 6th; if 1. P to Q 4th, 2. Q takes P, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 3001.—BY E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in Riga between Messrs. Tschigorin and Behting. (French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. Q to K 2nd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to K B 4th
A commencement of a weakening process.
Kt to K B 3rd, P to Q Kt 3rd, P to K Kt 3rd, and other good moves are decidedly preferable.
3. P to Q 4th
4. P takes P Kt to Q 5th
White's theory is based partly on the assumption that this Knight cannot come to Q 5th with advantage; but in any case the move is troublesome and apparently dangerous.
5. Q to Q 3rd P to K 4th
An unexpected coup, which appears to destroy White's game. Of course it must be considered in connection with the after play of Black. The threat is now B to K 4th, winning.
6. P takes P Q takes P
7. Kt to K 2nd B to Q B 4th
8. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt
9. P to Q B 3rd Q takes P (ch)
10. B to K 2nd B to Kt 3rd
11. Q to K B 3rd Q to B 3rd
12. P to Q 4th Q takes Q
13. B takes Q P to K 2nd
14. Kt to Q 2nd P to Q B 3rd
15. Kt to K 4th B to B 2nd
16. B to Q 2nd B to B 4th

R takes Kt
B takes P
R to R 6th
R to B 2nd
P to R 7th
B to B 5th
P to K 3rd
B to K 7th
R takes P
R to K 3rd
R to R 7th
White resigns.

Another game played in Russia, between Messrs. Schabelski and Finne. (Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. P to B 4th P takes P
4. Kt to B 3rd P to K Kt 4th
5. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th
This runs into a risky attacking variation on the lines of the Allgaier. Another way is by 5. P to Q 4th, P to Kt 5th; 6. B to B 4th, giving up the Knight for a splendid attack.
5. K Kt to Kt 5th P to K R 3rd
6. Kt takes P K takes Kt
7. P to Q 4th P to Q 3rd
8. P to Q 4th P to Q 3rd
9. B to B 4th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
10. B takes P

A fatal mistake; Kt takes Kt was better. Black evidently overlooked the effect of White's sacrifice of the exchange, which leads to a forced and pretty mate.
12. Q to Q 2nd B to Q 2nd
13. Q R to K sq B to K sq
14. B to K 6th B to Kt 3rd
15. Kt to Q 5th Kt takes K P

White has now many chances, not the best of which is that Black may make a slight error in his defence, which in all such cases is much more probable, and it may easily have been spared.

MANON ROLAND.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"Women famed for their valour, their skill in politics, or their learning leave the duties of their own sex in order to invade the privileges of men's." Unless my memory deceives me, the sentence belongs to Goldsmith, and I should not be surprised if it escaped him while watching events across the Channel in his own times. From the moment of Louis the Fifteenth's accession, woman's hand became plainly discernible behind every political act of importance in France, behind the smallest as well as biggest decisions of the King and of his Ministers. The influence of the prompter in petticoats was not always due to romantic attachment, as in the case of Madame de Prie, Madame de Mailly, Madame de Pompadour, and others: Madame de Tencin dominated Cardinal de Tencin as thoroughly as Madame du Barry dominated Louis the Well-Beloved; but whatever the factor of that influence, the influence itself was patent enough to all who watched, whether old or young; and the deduction to be drawn from it was the supremacy of woman in the higher spheres of life. "People are as often the children of their time as of their parents"; and little Manon Philpon, the daughter of the gold-worker and engraver of the Quai des Lunettes, owed everything to her epoch, and nothing either to parental guidance or to the hereditary transmission of the moral and mental qualities which were to make her name famous in the history of the Revolution, and finally to constitute her one of its victims. The first lines of her Memoirs, alluding to her father as an artist and to her having spent her youth in the lap of fine-arts, are simply so much high-falutin, inasmuch as her sire in no way differed from dozens of skilled artisans in his own profession; but little Manon was a *poseuse* from her very early girlhood, and as she grew older, the prestige of a Pompadour and a du Barry was what she hankered after, though she also clearly perceived that such prestige might be more easily won with the aid of learning than through sheer beauty, of which, when all was said and done, she had a very small share. She came, in fact, just a century too late in one respect. Had Molière caught sight of her, she would have served him as a model both for "Les Femmes Savantes" and for "Les Précieuses Ridicules"; for though by no means enamoured of learning for the sake of learning itself, she became a blue-stocking from vanity, and from whatever side one looks at her, Heine's condemnation, about half a century after her death, of all blue-stockings comes involuntarily to one's pen. "Blue-stockings? No, I do not like blue-stockings; they are like asparagus. When one has done with their heads one has done with everything."

Manon Philpon is the asparagus *par chic*, as the French would say nowadays, and all the talent displayed by the editor of these Memoirs will convert her into nothing else. I have not the honour to know Mr. Edward Gilpin Johnson. His short introduction to the book under consideration, and many other qualities in the volume itself, which might fail to strike the average reader, convince me that he is a man of letters in every respect, and as such worthy of a more grateful task than the one he undertook. I am, however, not absolutely at one with him in his main estimate of Manon Philpon's character. Unquestionably she was the vain *bourgeoise* whose Republican raptures were at bottom the hatred of a society in which she found herself so inadequately placed. That hatred was only a secondary trait of her disposition, and it would not have given her the prominence among the Girondins she attained, for their principle was the reverse of hate. It was the ineradicable histrionism by which her soul was devoured that brought her to the front, and finally to her doom. It never left her. It influenced her marriage with Roland de Platiere; it clung to her in her receptions at the Hôtel Britannique; it perched on the back of her chair when she entertained her husband's colleagues at the Ministry of the Interior. It accompanied her to prison; it stood by her at the foot of the scaffold when she addressed the plaster statue of "Liberty"; and, like Quin's histrionism, it bred the regret at being unable to come back after death to ascertain whether she had taken the right conception of her part as far as it would influence the verdict of posterity. That and that only was the chief factor in the writing of the Memoirs. One would have liked Mr. Johnson to point all this out in his thoroughly able preface, for one instinctively feels that he himself was well aware of it. The admission would no doubt have increased the difficulty of his task; and that difficulty was assuredly great enough; for, looked at from whatever point one will, Manon Roland was not a sympathetic character, only an intensely clever histrion whose tragic death has made most people blind to her faults.

The Terrorists, the Montagnards, had no business to kill her; they could have gagged her - figuratively, I mean - by other methods. And calmly looking at her death, constituting as it did one of the sensational episodes of the Reign of Terror, one feels inclined to say with Rivarol: "In this much-belauded Revolution, princes of the blood, military, deputies, philosophers, everything has been bad - even down to the assassins." I hold no brief for the greatest or the smallest actor of that epoch, and I am inclined to agree with Rivarol; but the fact was that after half a century of woman's rule in France of the old régime, the real or supposedly regenerated country did not want a repetition of the same thing. And the repetition was already becoming actual fact when Chaumette cleared the Commune of petticoats by telling them that there was no need of Jeanne d'Arcs except under a monarchy like that of Charles VII. The ladies (?) thus evicted were only market-women, ignorant and uneducated; the Manon Rolands would have been more difficult to deal with; still, it was not a justification for her decapitation. But her death involved not the slightest loss to humanity in general or to her country in particular. "Il n'y avait rien de changé en France; il n'y avait qu'une Française de moins"; and one that could easily have been spared.

* "The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland." Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Gilpin Johnson. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)

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LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters: Their Associates and Successors. By Percy Bate. (London: Bell. 7s. 6d.)
François de Fénelon. By Viscount St. Cyres. (London: Methuen. 10s. 6d.)
The Anglo-Saxon Review. Vol. X. September 1901. (London: Mrs. George Cornwallis West. 21s.)
The Million. By Dorothea Gerard. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Darlings. By Elmore Elliott Peake. (London: Heinemann. 4s.)

Whatever may be the defects of Lucas Malet's latest novel, "The History of Sir Richard Calmady," lack of power is certainly not one of them. From the first word to the last the book is vital and thrilling to a terrible degree, and it leaves the reader convinced that here at length, amid the flood of superficial fiction, there has arisen, as it were, an island that affords a permanent mental mooring place. But of the atmosphere that obtains there we are bound to make some inquiry, and the answer is disappointing. For this book, despite its many passages of rare and tender feeling, is cursed with morbidity. The motif of a man rising superior to great physical affliction is in itself noble, but when the manifestation of the affliction is hideous beyond description, the nobility of his ultimate victory is dulled to the reader's sense by the overwhelming awfulness of the thing that he is and always must be. For generations the Calmads had lain under a curse of the true Aeschylean character; but the curse, like the primal one, was not pronounced without the accompanying prophecy of a deliverer who should never wear stocking or shoe, but who should have pity on the lamentor's cry. This deliverer in process of time appeared as Richard Calmady, who may best be described by an allusion to Trelawny's remark made over the dead Byron. In childhood and youth, Richard displayed a spirit of wonderful beauty and courage, darkened only now and then by the growing realisation of the knowledge, withheld from him as long as possible, that he was not as others. Within his own life, the deliverer had to work out a personal salvation, and this motif starts from the spiritual stab dealt him by the child Hélène de Vallorbes, who mocked his infirmity. Lady Calmady, in a frenzy of wounded motherhood, inflicts upon Hélène an injury for which in after life she takes a terrible revenge on Richard; but before that day arrives the Richard Calmady of the earlier part of the book has, through the disappointment of his first hope of marriage, been turned into a creature whose mental deformity rivals that of his body. In the sufferings that follow the despite Hélène put upon him, we seem to catch glimpses of the Inferno, but the optimism of a Kingsley reasserts itself at this point, and struggles to prove that from the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest height. Of Calmady's mental regeneration we may be persuaded, but the opening of a new love for him, and his ultimate marriage with a wonderful Englishwoman, Honoria St. Quentin, who is little short of a woodland Artemis, cannot by any artifice be shorn of unpleasant suggestion. Splendid as the fabric of the book may be, the final judgment upon it must—since it deals largely with the spiritual—be a moral one, and at the end we seem to hear the taunt of the child Hélène shaping itself into crystallised criticism of the work—"C'est un monstre!"

Mr. Percy Bate, in his agreeable volume on "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters," has at once gratified and stimulated the public interest in what he calls "the great artistic crusade that marked the middle of the nineteenth century." Crusaders these men were—Rossetti and the rest—and in a double degree; for not only did they, in their own temperaments, indicate a reversion to mediævalism, but they had to go out on a campaign of redemption to no better music than the sneer or the sigh of an onlooking generation. Limits of space prevent Mr. Bate from dealing with the movement in its literary as well as its pictorial aspects; but he appreciates the connection, and keeps it, if in the background, at least well in view. Putting aside the altogether extraordinary case of Rossetti, Woolner was a poet, and sculptor; Bell Scott was "poet and painter," or, according to Mr. Swinburne's varying mood, "poetaster and dauber"; while Collinson, Inchbold, Noel Paton, and Ford Madox Brown "are all poets," says Mr. Bate. They were, at any rate, the great friends and abettors of poets—Coventry Patmore, Christina Rossetti, William Morris, and Gordon Hake. The after-influence of the Brotherhood is traced by Mr. Bate, who includes in his survey the work of Holman Hunt, of Millais the recreant Pre-Raphaelite, of F. Sandys, of Simeon Solomon, of W. S. Burton, and of Mr. Walter Crane. These names are those of comrades and disciples, and they keep quite distinct company from those of mere adaptors and imitators, of whom the kindest thing that a critic can say is that their "pictures speak for themselves." Perhaps they appear too prominently in Mr. Bate's pages, which are, however, so full of good names that we can easily pass over a few indifferent ones. The illustration which we reproduce is taken from that section of the work which treats of the Pre-Raphaelite

influence on Scottish painters. Mr. Bate finds it strongly evident in the work of Fettes-Douglas, not so much in his youthful productions as in the works of early maturity. Considering the artist's period, this is surprising!

From the academic repose of Christ Church, Lord St. Cyres sends out into the world a volume on Fénelon which should help English readers to a better understanding of a very complex personality and a very varied career. He gives particular attention to Fénelon's work as an instructor of royalty, to his views upon education, and to their influence on the mediæval methods he attacked. A careful examination of Fénelon's relation to the teaching of Madame Guyon and the Quietists leads naturally on to an account of Bossuet's zealous

French royal collections of the middle of the sixteenth century. Mr. Cyril Davenport discusses the probabilities in four discreet pages. With a somewhat bolder pen, Mr. John Fyvie retells the story of "The Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington," whose gorgeousness, by the way, would take a very fifth-rate place in to-day's world of fashion and luxury. Mr. Grantley Berkeley was perhaps scarcely worth quoting for his characteristically unpleasant version of Lady Blessington's mode of life when she was Mrs. Farmer, and lived a life of seclusion apart from her husband. That version represented, no doubt, the common club gossip of the day, but there is no evidence in support of it. She was fourteen and plain when she was married, against her will, to Captain Farmer; but by the time she was eighteen she had developed into the very pleasing—sore would say the very beautiful—person we know by Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of her. Ten years later she was Lady Blessington, the hostess of St. James's Square, where her house is called by Mr. Fyvie, "a magnificent mansion"; and where visitors "were nightly crowded"—what! every night: did she never get out?—"with people of distinction: royal, Dukes, Cabinet Ministers, with painters, poets, actors, and authors," a list that leaves us lukewarm when we begin to fit the caps. Mr. N. P. Willis is in great part responsible for the upholsterer's view of this rather mysterious and therefore rather interesting woman. Much closer things are to be said of her than of her drawing-room "decked in blue satin with rich white flowers"—rich white flowers! Yet one forgives Willis a good deal for his graphic description of Dizzy, who "talked"—we must forgive, too, the "talked"—"like a racehorse approaching the winning-post, every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst." These are tempting topics, but others lead us on; and we have Mr. Robert Hichens proclaiming that "sand is curiously fascinating," even when "desecrated at Margate," but more particularly in the Sahara, where he has dwelt in "The City in the Sand" on which he writes a chapter. Other contributors to a capital number are Sir Algernon West, Mr. Le Gallienne, Lord Ronald Gower, and Mr. Robert Barr.

It is from a million florins that Miss Dorothea Gerard's new novel, "The Million," takes its name and its motif, and they were made by Thomasz Morawek, notary in Lyczyn, and bequeathed by him to that town for the foundation of an orphanage, destined for the education of motherless girls. A million florins was a wonderful sum to scrape together in so small a place, and not less wonderful was it

that the notary, who was as "hard as nails," should will them for such a purpose. The explanation of both was his motherless daughter Romana. He "gathered gear" in order that she might shine in Vienna, whither he purposed taking her so soon as the million was amassed. As a matter of fact, owing to the idyl which Miss Gerard narrates in Book I., she was whisked off to the capital rather sooner than he had purposed. In Vienna Romana shines, or, at any rate, makes the brilliant match which Morawek had dreamed for her. But she is a failure. The career marked out for her by her father, which she appears to be going to realise, ends in disaster. And the legacy of his millions would appear to have been the stubborn old notary's manner of confessing that he had been wrong in the plan of her life, if not of his own. This story is told with the skill born of Miss Gerard's great practice. It is spirited, natural, and sufficiently well written. It never suffers from the author's taking herself or it too seriously. And, in common with all Miss Gerard's books when the scene is laid in Austria, it abounds in pictures of life and character in that country which bear on them the stamp of truth.

"The Darlings" is the most recent addition to "The Dollar Library," and is sufficiently Transatlantic to have a flavour of novelty. It is true that the writer—Mr. Peake—is more prone to raise problems than to settle them, which may detract a little from the value of his book as a contribution to social ethics; at the same time a broader platform is secured, and Mr. Peake is mercifully preserved from some of the pitfalls which beset the young writer whose aim is the regeneration of his fellows. With it all, "The Darlings" is still sufficiently improving to merit a place in Sunday-school libraries, and may be safely commended for the delectation of youth.

There is just a little too much Darlington, but in a family portrait this is perhaps excusable. Apparently the path of a preacher—even in a free country like America—is not strewn with roses, when such poor solace as tobacco brings is sternly forbidden him. Such is Mr. Kaltenborn, who aspires to the hand of the daughter of the Railway President: he is a masterful man to boot, and his sole, conscious aim, at the outset, is to inspire the already virtuous Carol to yet higher flights of achievement. Carol, womanlike, bends to the stronger will, and even seems to like it, although she does persuade him to smoke a cigar, by way of vindicating her self-esteem. The portrait of Mrs. Darlington is exceedingly sympathetic; indeed, Mr. Peake displays considerable discrimination in the characterisation throughout.



FÉNELON.
Reproduced from "François de Fénelon," by permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

assault upon the heresy he believed Fénelon to have espoused, and upon Fénelon himself. An interesting chapter discusses Fénelon's philosophic position; and another considers his relation to classicism. Thus the reader of this book gets more upon the mind and purpose of Fénelon than has usually been offered to us. Lord St. Cyres handles his subject with ease, displaying a sufficiency of learning without pedantry, and giving interest to a theme which might readily have been made distasteful. Most people will like Fénelon all the better after reading this judicial account of his character and work. The volume is illustrated by some excellent reproductions of old portraits. They include one of that much-discussed mystic, Madame Guyon, who so seriously affected the course of Fénelon's life, and the striking portrait of Fénelon himself, by Philippe de Champagne, now in the Hertford House



THE CURIOSITY SHOP, ROME.—FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR W. FETTES-DOUGLAS, P.R.S.A.
Reproduced from "The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters," by permission of Messrs. Bell and Sons.

collection. People who care anything for the history of ecclesiastical thought and ecclesiastical politics during the stormy period in which Fénelon lived will find this book repay their attention.

The current number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* comes in a white binding with a gold-printed design, in which the letter D has a recurring place. In this case the letter D signifies, perhaps, Dauphin Henri, afterwards Henri II. of France, or, more probably, Diane de Poitiers, whom he created Duchesse de Valentinois, in tribute to her fascinations—some say of mind, some say not. Her beauty, at least, is beyond the dispute that is waged about her conduct and about her property in the D that appears on various bindings belonging to

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LADIES' PAGES.

The guidance that I observed some weeks ago would be necessary has now been given with regard to Coronation costume. Ladies are to wear full Court dress, and over it the velvet trains trimmed with bars of ermine that indicate their rank. The regulation three feathers of the Court head-dress can surely not be ordained, however; placed upright, as they have to be worn at the Drawing-Rooms, they would be terribly in the way at the moment of the simultaneous self-coronetting of all the peeresses. This they do as soon as the crown is set on the King's head, the coronets till that moment resting beside them. Two Gold-Stick Ushers are required to escort each lady to her place, one to carry her train, the other to bear her coronet and indicate her specific seat; and then the coronet is placed snugly beside her till the moment when it may be set on her head. As we all know, the modern Court regulations require that the feathers in the hair shall be worn so high that they are visible as the lady approaches her Majesty. In the early part of last century, at the three coronations that then took place, on the contrary, the feathers were worn drooping down at the back, lying quite on the shoulder at the left side, so that they would not be a source of difficulty in putting on a coronet without a looking-glass; but the idea of doing this with the upright feathers of to-day must alarm the ladies concerned. I should think fans with mirrors inserted would be rather useful for the occasion.

General mourning we all know too well, but it seems to have been forgotten that once upon a time it was fashionable to have general rejoicing indicated in a similar manner. On the coronation of one of the Kings in the fifteenth century, notice was given that everybody was expected to wear a band of white for some weeks either upon the head or round the arm. Chroniclers tell us that when the present gracious and beautiful Queen came as a girl into the country, for several days people in general wore a rosette of the Danish colours in her honour. Why, indeed, should not the nation indicate congratulation as well as sympathy in such ways? Sentiment is very powerful, and adornments and decorations that improve the sense of the solidarity of the nation find their association with the wearer of the crown in the most natural and ready manner.

It may be inferred from the Emperor of Austria's consent to the betrothal of his granddaughter, the Archduchess Elisabeth, that he has abandoned all hopes (if it be true, indeed, that he ever entertained them) of her succeeding to his throne. She is, of course, his natural heir, as the only child of his deceased son. Her succession is barred by the adoption of the Salic Law in Austria; but it is so recently that this has been accepted as excluding women from succession to that crown that



A SMART WRAP IN BLACK, WHITE, AND GOLD.

the Emperor had reason for not regarding it as an insuperable difficulty. "The Pragmatic Sanction," under which the great Empress Maria Theresa succeeded in 1742 to the Austro-Hungarian throne, might have been copied; and it was thought to betoken such a hope and intention on the part of the present Emperor when he recalled the memory of that great woman Sovereign by erecting in her honour one of the most magnificent monuments that the world has seen. The expectation that his grandchild might succeed was made the more reasonable by the unsuitability for one or another reason of the various male heirs who successively appear nearest to the throne of Francis Joseph. But if the young Princess is permitted so early in life to follow her fancies in uniting herself for life with a young man not of royal birth, the chances against her ever being called to the throne must be so increased that it must be inferred that the idea has been abandoned. Perhaps the Emperor has so fully experienced that imperial state is far removed from happiness that he no longer covets it for his descendant, whom all accounts agree in saying he dearly loves. As to "romantic love-matches" in the abstract, surely no sensible person of mature age can believe that the surest road to life's happiness for a girl in her teens is through that gate! His Majesty has daughters, as well as this one granddaughter through his late son, who are popular and able. It is passing strange that even in countries where women have been counted among the most illustrious Sovereigns, as in Austria-Hungary and Russia, the jealous policy of declaring sex a barrier to the succession of the monarch's own offspring should be maintained. The young Archduchess is tall, graceful, and pretty, with beautiful golden hair. She only "came out" into Court society last winter.

I have been more struck than ever, I think, with the great interest of the London shops at this time of year. Day by day I walk along Regent Street and part of Oxford Street, and see in one after another of the windows every time something new. In Paris there is much less of this gratuitous display of ideas; they are jealously guarded there within the walls of the *magasins*, for fear of robbery by rivals. Here the very best garments are allowed at least for a brief period to flaunt themselves in the public view behind the glass of the window. Still, there are of course many exclusive modistes, not keeping shops at all, by whom the smartest garments are kept for the exclusive eye of a possible customer, or that equally privileged person, the fashion-chronicler of an important journal; and the impressions that I am able to give are drawn from both these sources. At present, the shop windows would indicate that the pouched bodice and the bolero are still to have it all their own way. Many

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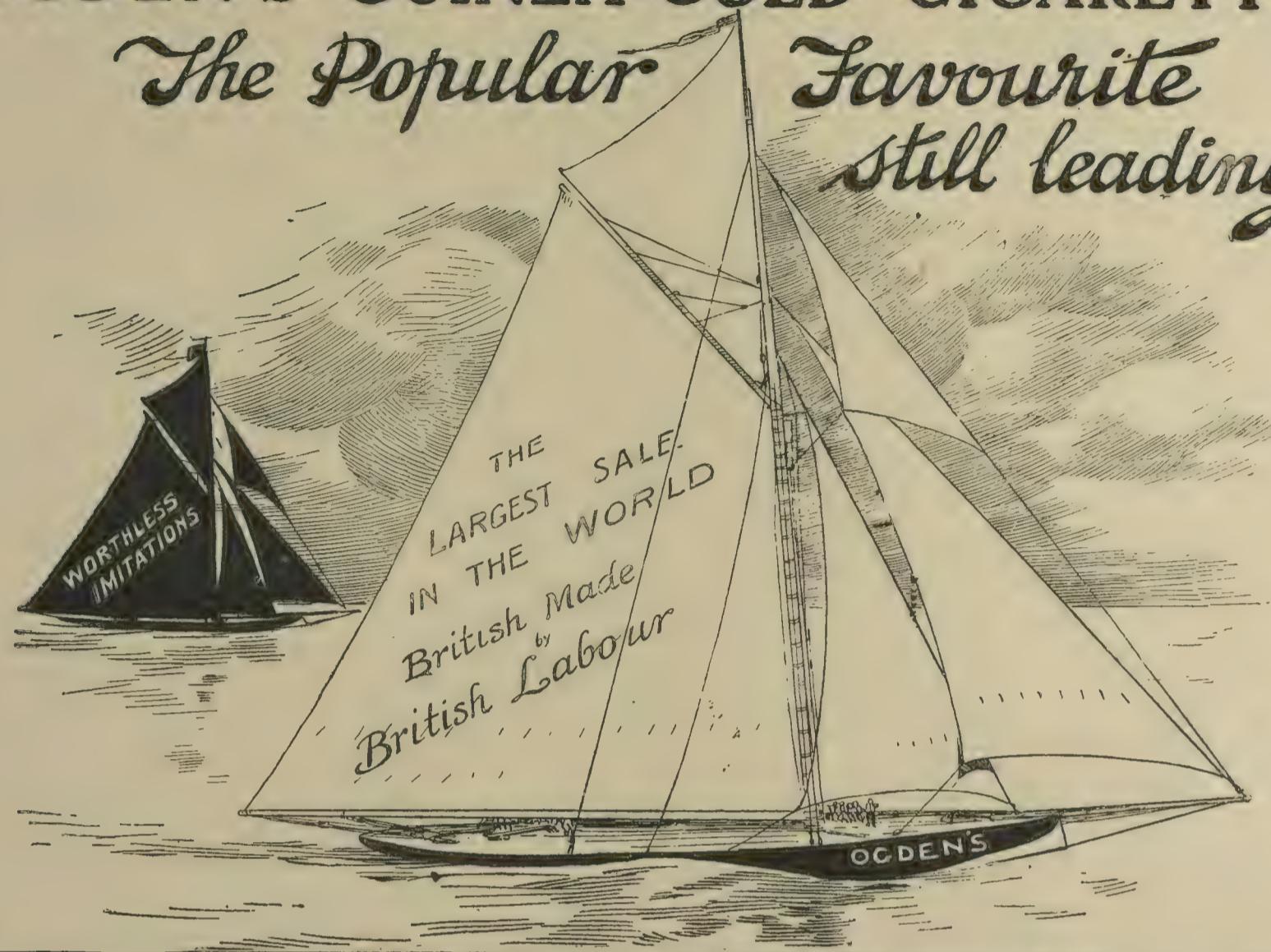
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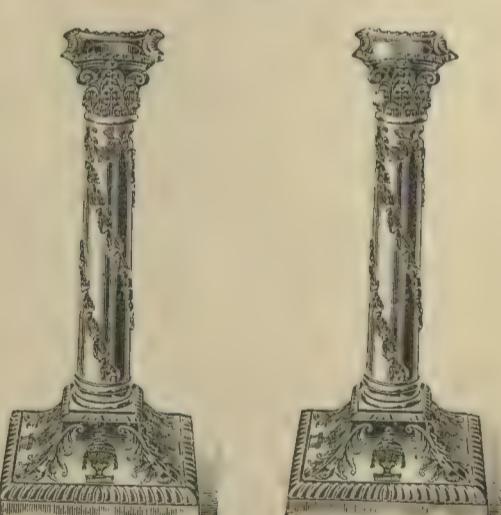
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PRICE LISTS
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Sterling Silver Tea and Coffee Service, richly Hand-Chased in style of Louis XIV.

	"Prince's Plate."	Sterling Silver.
Coffee Pot, 2½ pints	£5 15 0	£12 0 0
Tea Pot, 2 pints	5 0 0	11 0 0
Sugar Basin, gilt inside	4 5 0	7 0 0
Cream Jug, gilt inside	3 0 0	5 0 0
Tea and Coffee Service, complete	£18 0 0	£35 0 0

Very richly Hand-Chased Table Candlesticks, as Illustrated.

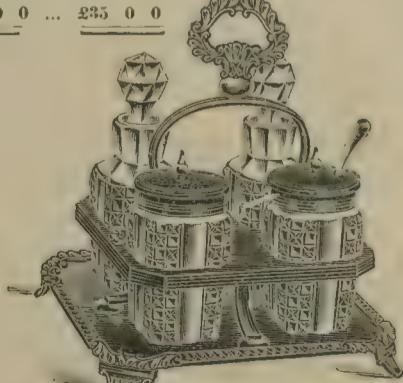
GOODS SENT TO THE
COUNTRY
ON APPROVAL.



Sterling Silver. "Prince's Plate."		
7 in.	£5 10 0 ... £3 5 0
10 "	8 0 0 ... 4 3 0
13 "	12 0 0 ... 5 15 0

"Prince's Plate" handsomely Chased Salad Bowl, with white Porcelain Lining, 12 in. diameter ... £5 15 0
With Plain Body ... 4 5 0
The above can also be used for stewed fruit or flowers.

Richly Hand-Chased Cake Basket, after Benvenuto Cellini, with Pierced and Chased "Panther" Mounts, and richly Engraved Centre ... £14 10 0

Breakfast Frame, handsomely Chased, fitted with richly Cut Glass Bottles, as Illustrated.
"Prince's Plate" ... £2 3 0
Sterling Silver ... 7 5 0

New Combination Breakfast Set, handsomely Chased, in "Prince's Plate," as illustrated, complete ... £6 15 0

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NICE—
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CITY (Facing the Mansion House)—
QUEEN VICTORIA ST., No. 2
LONDON, E.C.

charming designs in this style appear, with an air of novelty dependent on details. Yet the tide in the very best models is distinctly turned towards the Louis fashions: the flat, plain front breadths of skirts, the long coat-bodices, the basque, whether added or cut in one with the top, fitted to the waist, and having outside pockets and big cuffs turned back and standing out beyond the close-fitting sleeve. Would you look quite up-to-date, choose a bolero ending well above the waist, or a pouched front cut off to the waistline, sagging over a belt; but if you are one of those who prefer to be in the forefront in matters sartorial, then have the Louis coat and the flat-fronted skirt for day wear, and an Empire transparent robe for evening dress.

There was an idle tale the other day in one of the daily papers that tight waists were working special havoc with our health just now. The contrary is the fact; there perhaps never was a moment in the history of fashion when the waist was so little observed. Napoleon I. is said to have invented the French Empire style of dress to prevent the women in whom he took an interest from tight-lacing; and the boleros or pouched fronts of the present day are as conducive and favourable to ease in that direction as the Empire styles worn at night. If there be any need for compression of the natural figure at present, it is below the waist, where the tight fit that is liked is aided by the straight-fronted corsets that are now universally worn; but, in reasonable moderation, these cannot do harm. The loose fit of the bodices above the waist—that is, around the breathing apparatus and the digestive organs—is really extreme. The newest bolero is as much like a flounce put on a yoke as it can be. It is cut off a little above the waist, and the line of the figure defined by the belt is thus just visible. Such a bolero in stone-coloured cloth you may see if you are able to study the excellent gowns worn by Miss Madge Girdlestone at Drury Lane, where there is a magnificent display of smart frocks. This bolero overhangs quite loosely a deep belt of brown satin, by which the back of the bodice is caught in to the figure. Any well-made fashionable style invariably looks well, but it is hardly to be expected that the present exceedingly loose fashions will last, for they are really not favourable to the possessors of trim figures.

There are so many smart frocks at Drury Lane—fifty, so they say—that it would be easy to select a gown for any occasion from among these excellent models. Perhaps the prettiest of the day dresses is a visiting costume of grey satin cloth combined with a rich cherry red in limited but sufficient quantities. The skirt is held closely to the figure by stitched strapping, as low as the knee, where it flows forth; the bodice has a loose

bolero of the cloth embroidered with cream silk, overhanging a deep shaped waistbelt of cream panne patterned with a design in cherry red, and piped top and bottom with silk of the same deep colour. The hat which goes with it is grey felt trimmed simply with a big bow at the back of red velvet, and a narrow strap of the same passing round the shape.

Empire styles are particularly suitable for tea-jackets and tea-gowns; and especially so for that very pleasant garment, the tea-jacket. True, a tea-coat does not reach to the feet, but it may, and if the Empire style is chosen it must be a three-quarter length, and this is enough to afford the full Empire effect. In lace over satin or panne, it is a beautiful garment, graceful and unaffected; some very handsome trimming must be provided for the belt at the bust—a little gold and pearl embroidery, for instance—and thus adorned, with the lace laid over a dainty tint, such as heliotrope or pale green, the lace Empire tea-jacket is also a lovely theatre-bodice or dinner-coat at your service. The satin or panne undercoat must fit the figure fairly closely; the lace falls loosely above it round the figure; a little gathered or frilled bit of lace must make a tucker above the band of embroidery, or if wished, of course, the lace and the satin can both be continued up to the throat; but it is smartest, if intended for a dinner-jacket, to have it cut out in a little square a few inches below the neck. The satin undercoat, on the other hand, need not reach as long as the lace. It may stop midway between the knee and waist.

Jewellery is more worn than ever; some ladies have thousands of pounds in value on, even with afternoon dress—pearls and diamonds galore. Evening attire positively demands abundance of gems. To meet this necessity, the Parisian Diamond Company have replenished their fine stock of artificial jewellery with every sort of lovely ornament. The artistic restraint and good taste are as notable as the excellence of the gems in their production, and the prices are moderate.

Our Illustrations show very magnificent theatre-coats. The black one is carried out in Indian cashmere, embroidered in gold in an Empire wreath design, finished with fringes, white lace bands, and black chiffon yoke and ends, a full frill of white chiffon peeping forth down the front. The other is in white Indian cashmere, trimmed with black lace and puffings of chiffon, held in place by jet motifs.

Small need is there to sing the praises of Viyella at this time of day. It is a special and unique material, in which threads of cotton are mixed with wool so as to prevent the shrinking that makes pure wool garments so soon become useless. Viyella is made in many patterns, some suitable for blouses and others specially good for nightdresses; it is particularly to be recommended for children's wear in the cold weather. *FILOMENA.*



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1896), with two codicils (dated Feb. 16 and May 9, 1901), of Mr. Thomas Cordes, J.P., D.L., of Silwood Park, Sunninghill, M.P. for Monmouth 1874-80, who died on Aug. 15, was proved on Oct. 14 by Edward Arthur Lee and Richard Pennington, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £296,099. The testator devises all his real estate to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Agnes Cordes, for life, with remainder to his daughter Mary Margaret Dorothy for her life, with remainder to her first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. He gives his household furniture and £2,000 to his wife; £2,000, upon trust, for the Parish Schools at Malpas (Mon.); £500 to his nephew Ernest Lucas Cordes; £2,000 to Aubrey Lucas Cordes; an annuity of £150 to his nephew Herbert Hope Cordes; an annuity of £300 to his aunt Elizabeth Bryan Ewbank; annuities of £100 each to his sister-in-law Marie Hope Cordes and to his niece Ethel Jessie Cordes; an annuity of £300 to Emma Stevens, for her love and attention to his mother; £1,000 each to his cousins Cordelia Stillingfleet Burn and Theodosia Emma Ewbank; £500 each to his cousins Sarah Lydia and Annie Ewbank; £200 each to his godchildren Harry Llewellyn Mackworth and Hilda Madeline Thruston; £300 each to his executors; and many legacies to servants. All the rest and remainder of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his daughter, for her life, and then as she shall appoint to her children. Should she leave no issue, £100,000 is to be paid to the Newport and County Hospital, or, if not then established, to the Newport and County Dispensary and Infirmary,



NIZIDA, THE PLACE OF ISOLATION FOR NEAPOLITAN PLAGUE PATIENTS.

The plague, of which cases have appeared here and there, at places so far apart as Ca'ro and Brisbane, was carried to Naples, according to a popular report, by rats. Twelve dock-labourers were the first victims. The alarm among the impressionable Neapolitans was instantaneous. The patients were isolated; so were the whole of the dock-labourers who came in contact with the vessel that arrived, with its rats, from Calcutta; serum from the Pasteur laboratory was in request, and a war upon rats in warehouses and in sewers was waged with the assistance of asphyxiating gases.

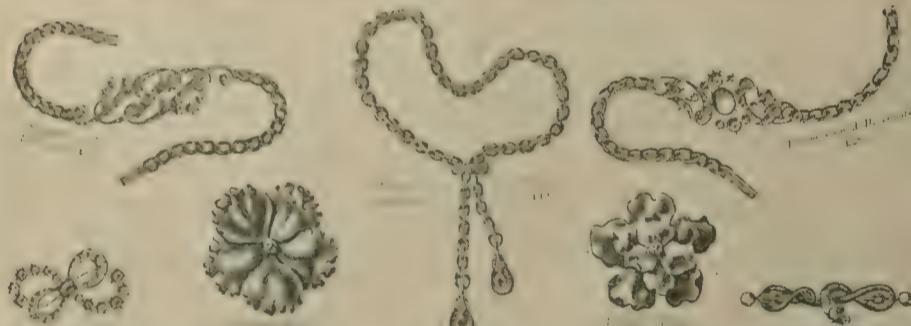
and the ultimate residue divided between the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street) and the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1893), with a codicil (dated Oct. 23 following), of Mr. Marx Schubach, of 140, Sutherland Avenue, and 30, St. Mary Axe, who died on Aug. 4, was proved on Oct. 13 by Mrs. Helena Schubach,

£50 to Herbert Peel Guest. The residue of his property is to be held on trust for his sons Henry Noble, Charles Lawrence, and Robert St. John.

The Irish probate of the will (dated June 3, 1892), with two codicils (dated March 29, 1895, and Feb. 17, 1897), of Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, son of the fourth Duke of Leinster, of Johnstown Castle, Wexford, who

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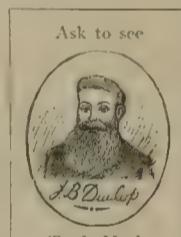
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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c., says:—

"It is an absolutely pure tobacco, and makes a cool and fragrant smoke."

1/4 lb. Tins, 1/8.

the widow, Isaac William Schubach, the son, and William Klingensteine, the executors, the value of the estate being £159,474. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Tobacco Trades Benevolent Society, the Jewish Board of Guardians, the Jews' Free Schools, and the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Norwood); £500, and his furniture and domestic effects, to his wife; £200 each to his brothers Henry, Isaac, and Jacob; £200 to his niece Regina Klingensteine; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; and then as to £16,500, upon trust, for his son; and the ultimate residue is to be divided into two parts, one for his son, and one, upon trust, for his daughter Selina and her children.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1898), with a codicil (dated Dec. 20, 1900), of Mr. William Mathews, of 31, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Sept. 5, was proved on Oct. 11 by Francis Cloughton Mathews, the brother, William Lee Mathews, the nephew, and William Canning, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £32,963. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Agnes Sarah Mathews; £200 to his nephew William Lee Mathews; £100 each to Frank Bennett Goldney and Cathmar Airy; and

£50 to Herbert Peel Guest. The residue of his property is to be held on trust for his sons Henry Noble, Charles Lawrence, and Robert St. John.

The Irish probate of the will (dated June 3, 1892), with two codicils (dated March 29, 1895, and Feb. 17, 1897), of Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, son of the fourth Duke of Leinster, of Johnstown Castle, Wexford, who

THE HONEY OF WISDOM.

We Gather the Honey of Wisdom from Thorns, not from Flowers.

NOBILITY OF LIFE.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—Milton.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassus, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—

LORD LYTTON.

EXPERIENCE.

"Our acts our judgments are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."—OLD SONNET.

For some Wise Cause, 'Experience HAS PROVED! before Perfection and True Balance in ANYTHING can be ATTAINED, There MUST BE MANY SWINGS of THE PENDULUM! To OPPOSITE EXTREMES.'

WITH YOUR BACK TO THE FIELD AND YOUR FEET TO YOUR FOE! NEVER SAY DIE TO ANY DILEMMA!!!

MORAL—

A Wise Paradise.

Nature's Laws.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well."—MILTON.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon us winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to *learn at least* the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his sons, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us—and, more or less, of those who are connected with us—do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are *what we call the laws of Nature*. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, *just*, and *patient*. But also we know, to our



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A GENTLEMAN writes:—"For **MANY YEARS** I was a martyr to sea-sickness; I always take ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' for a few days on going for a voyage, and know the sickness now only by name, not as a punishment. This should be widely known."

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It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, and FEVERISH condition is simply MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'** Without it you have a WORTHLESS Imitation

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cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And who plays ill is checkmated—*without haste, but without remorse*.

"My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather *lose than win*, and *I should accept it as an image of human life*.

"The great mass of mankind are the 'POLL,' who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. *Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again*. Nature's pluck means extermination.

"Ignorance is visited as sharply as *wilful* disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow; and the blow first; but the *blow without the word*. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed."—HUXLEY.

We quote the above from Professor Huxley, because we think it fully endorses what we wish to press with great earnestness, in the cause of truth and health, upon the mind of the reader—that obedience to natural laws is health and happiness and long life, while disobedience or ignorance entails disease, and hands it down from one generation to another.

died on April 24, granted to the Hon. Adelaide Jane Frances Fitzgerald, the widow, was resealed in London on Oct. 11, the value of the estate in England and Ireland being £27,081. The testator gives £1000 to the children of his brother Lord Charles Fitzgerald, and he directs that the proceeds of policies of insurance on his life for £15,000 shall be used for the purposes of providing portions for his younger children in exoneration of his settled real estate, and the balance over in the payment off of certain encumbrances on the said property. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his wife.

The Scotch Confirmation, under Seal of the Commissariot of the County of Edinburgh, of the holograph will (dated Oct. 18, 1893) of John Henderson, M.D., of 7, John's Place, Leigh, who died on June 29, granted to Thomas Bryce Laing, David Baxter, Robert Thorburn, and Thomas Hall, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £23,284.

The will (dated April 12, 1899) of Sir Robert George Raper, J.P., of Chichester, who died on July 12, was proved on Oct. 11 by Charles Sansome Preston, William Holland Ballet Fletcher, and the Rev. John Charles Ballet Fletcher, three of the executors, the value of



A SEARCHLIGHT IN SILVER.

the estate being £22,678. The testator gives to the Duke of Richmond Dallaway's "Western Sussex"; to his honoured master the Earl of March two paintings of the *Spey*; to the Prebendal Schools at Chichester certain pictures, his library, and £50 for the purchase of an annual prize for history; between the three children of his sister Emily, £3000; to his cashier, William Inksom, and his clerk, Freddy Ford, £500 each; to Miss Jane Freeland, an annuity of £100; to Miss Jane Anne Knight, an annuity of £50; to his successor as secretary to the Bishop of Chichester, three manuscript books; and other legacies and gifts. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his niece Ruby Alleyne, for life, and then for her children.

A SEARCHLIGHT IN SILVER.

The electrical engineers of the Royal Engineers Volunteers have had wrought in silver an extremely fine working model of the field searchlight used by the corps in South Africa. The model has just been presented to Mrs. Hopkinson, widow of the late Major John Hopkinson, F.R.S., by the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. The design was executed by the Royal Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

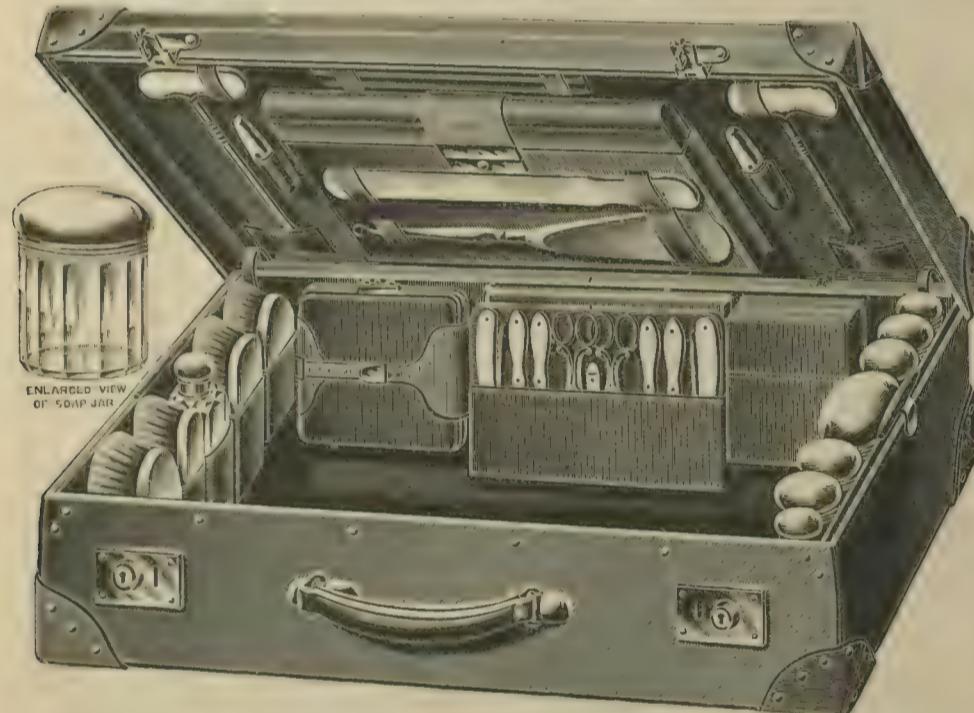
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NO MORE DUMB PIANOS where the "Angelus" holds sway.
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*“Have none but
Fry's
The name implies
STRENGTH,
PURITY &
FLAVOUR.”*

**PURE
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DO NOT BE DECEIVED by misleading statements, but rely upon the
experience of nearly **TWO CENTURIES.**

OUR FRIEND THE ROOK.

A recent writer from the sportsman's point of view speaks of the rook as "this black robber," and he says that there is no practical difference of opinion as to the question whether his benefits outweigh his depredations. Now, as a farmer, I confidently affirm that he does much more good than harm. He will sometimes uproot vegetables in getting at the worms round their roots. It is true also that he often robs the nests of the pheasant and the partridge; but, as I could easily show, he does far more good to the general community by furthering the labours of agriculturists, on whom so much depends, than harm to the sport of our leisured classes.

A more social bird even than the gregarious starling, he flies in flocks, feeds in flocks, and builds in flocks. His everyday life may appear to be an uneventful one to the outside world, and most commonplace; yet it is full of adventure and of joy tempered with sorrows. Apparently a grave bird, he is brimful of humour and,

at times, as full of play as a titmouse. Like all other links in the seemingly endless chain of nature, he is the victim of circumstances: without much ado he could count up his sincere friends, but his enemies are beyond his conception of numbers.

From his winter homing quarters he comes with his company during February to inspect the colony of breeding nests which he regards as his peculiar domain, going back as night approaches to his sleeping-place until all is ready for the family life to begin. Rookeries vary, of course, greatly in size; one may be as a city or large town, again there will be a village, and here and there a small hamlet. There are in my own fields one of about a hundred and thirty nests, one of sixty, one of eight, and another of four nests. Of these latter I have some views of my own. I believe them to be those of odd and outlawed individuals who follow the other companies hither, but are socially considered as pariahs. My nearest neighbours are those of the sixty-two-nest village, and my last census-taking records

about sixty-two married couples and thirty-six or more odd or unmated birds. These are all, of course, adult birds, their numbers reckoned before the young were hatched out.

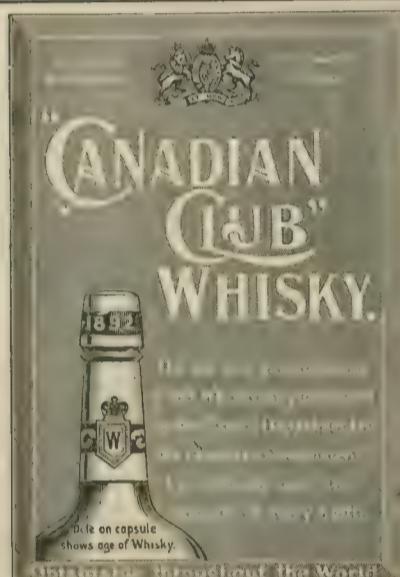
The odd birds may some of them be outlaws, as I said before, but the majority of them are not vagabonds by any means. They only happen to belong to that numerous enough class amongst humans—those who have been forced by some just cause or impediment into a life of celibacy. As the rook does not mate until it is nearly two years old, a number of the single birds are, therefore, simply lusty young bachelors. The few individuals whom I sum up as ne'er-do-wells or unfortunates—I know personally three of these at the present moment—are to be recognised by the shabby, neglected, and generally unkempt appearance of their plumage, and some other of the many outward signs of a past hen-pecked existence. I am ignorant of the life history of these; perhaps if we knew all about them we should look upon them as objects of pity rather than of reproach. Now and again I notice that a few odd folks in our

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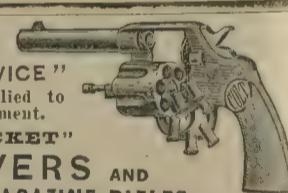


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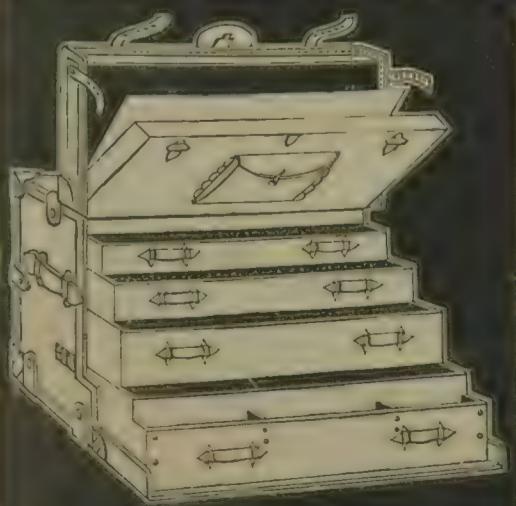
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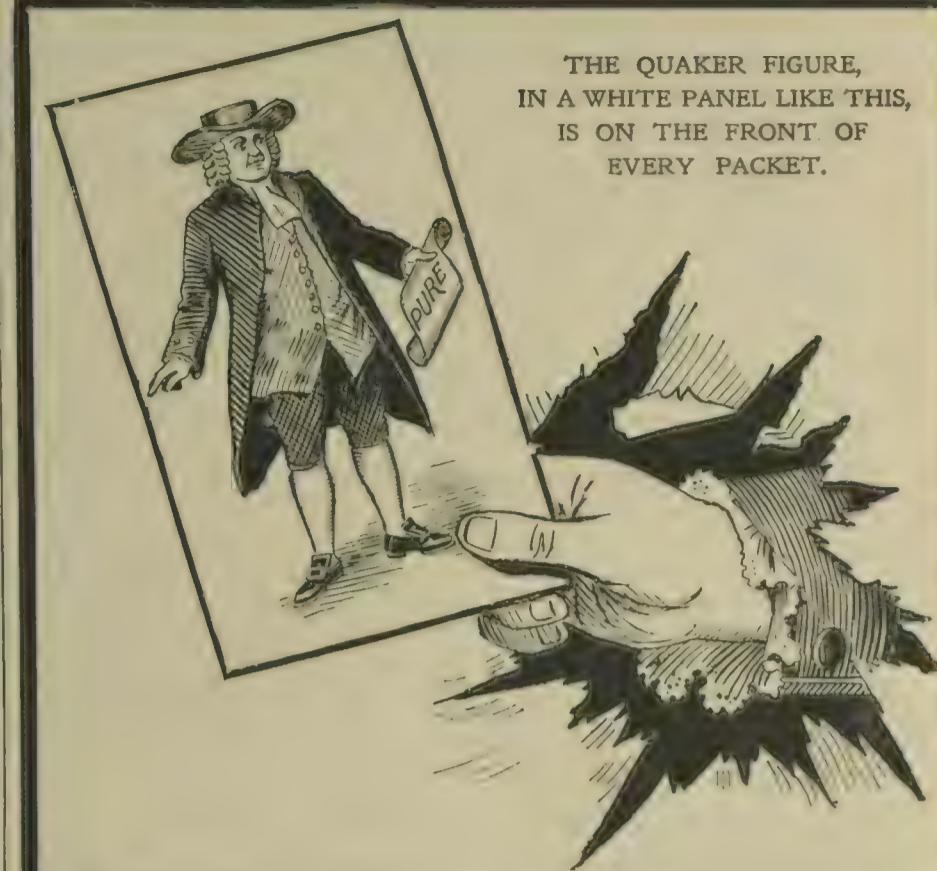
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colony appear to be dissatisfied with everybody and everything; and imaginary grievances, political and social, often lead to a segregation scheme. This is how I have accounted for my hamlet of four nests. The general run of our odd, or celibate, birds is, however, good in character; they help in the building of the nests and even in feeding the sitting birds. For the wedded pairs April is a most trying time: if the season be a dry one, or frost sets in, food is scarce. Insects and worms are deep in the earth; the farmer is engaged in sowing his spring corn, oats, and barley. The rooks prefer a diet of insects, worms, and grubs, but these are hard to get at times; the spring beans are just peeping through, and the sitting hen asks for food. The cock bird ventures too long in the beanfield, and as he skims over the hedge with a bean or two in his pouch a shot is heard; the faithful mate of the sitting bird is brought down to mother earth, and the farmer feels that he has one enemy the less. Personally I would not shoot a bird if you

gave me a sovereign for it. —The old bird may, and does, grieve, but the news of her loss is soon at the rookery, and her food is brought to her by a new mate. Thus there is a place taken in the rookery by one of our odd birds, and there is a bachelor less in the community. I have known many a bird die about this time through over-zeal—a slave to love and duty. If April prove seasonable and mild with showers, worms are plentiful, and the farmer's gun remains in its place over the kitchen chimneypiece.

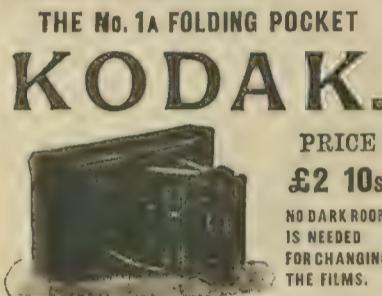
Often during the building season the rookery is disturbed by discordant notes, accompanied by a great fluttering of wings; there is a big row in the township; not a duel over a "squaw": the rook is a philosopher, and the ritual of love-making and matrimony are of the simplest. The bother will be over divergent interests or a disputed claim, for there is a recognised right of property—not ground-rent to pay, but a specified limit for nest-room has been accorded. The trouble occurs mostly with young birds wishing to place their nests too

near to an old nest. A parish council is called, with the result that the disputants' nests are soon scattered to the winds, and the claimant and the defendant may both have to begin a new foundation. Sometimes there is a disturbance on a more limited scale: one between very near neighbours or blood-relations—a family jar, in fact. One pair of birds do their very best to pull the sticks from the nest of another pair: each of the contending parties will do all they can to prevent the other from building.

As to the nests, we all know how busily the rooks set to work to repair these after a gale of wind has wrought some havoc in their colonies; but I do not think it is equally well known that they are curiously weather-wise, and they scent the coming storm and set to work to repair and strengthen before that imminent gale has been evident to the farmer. I have noticed that fact; the rook's powers of sight and hearing are remarkable.

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1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, 2331, 2333, 2335, 2337, 2339, 2341, 2343, 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2353, 2355, 2357, 2359, 2361, 2363, 2365, 2367, 2369, 2371, 2373, 2375, 2377, 2379, 2381, 2383, 2385, 2387, 2389, 2391, 2393, 2395, 2397, 2399, 2401, 2403, 2405, 2407, 2409, 24

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Archbishop and Mrs. Maclagan entertained a party of clergymen last week at Bishopthorpe Palace, for the consecration of the Bishops of Durham and Burnley. Among those present in York Minster were not a few of Dr. Moule's former students at Ridley Hall, Cambridge.

The Bishop of London continues to take an active interest in the East London Church Fund. He has promised to preside at a meeting in connection with the fund, which will be held at Holborn Town Hall on Nov. 12. The Archbishop of Canterbury will speak on the same subject at Edmonton.

The incoming Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph Dimsdale, has been for many years a member of Canon Page Roberts' congregation at St. Peter's, Vere Street. Mr. Page Roberts will act as Chaplain to the Lord Mayor during the coming year.

Canon Hensley Henson has begun the new season at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with crowded congregations. There is no evidence of a declining interest in sermons at this church. Canon Henson is not a sensational preacher, but he keeps well in touch with the thought of the day. On a recent Sunday he criticised "Roads to Rome," a book which has been much discussed in Westminster circles, not only among members of the Roman community, and especially converts from the Church of England, but among Anglicans.

One of the saddest features in connection with the burning of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, is the fact that it was recently restored at a cost of £5600. A beautiful new organ was placed in the building two years ago, and this is now a heap of charred wood and melted lead. Fortunately, the building was insured for £11,000; but no new parish church can take the place of this historic sanctuary, whose traditions go back to the early Tudor reigns.

A recent event of much interest at St. Paul's, Onslow Square, was the public welcome given to the Rev. Howard Webb-Peploe, son of the Vicar, on his return from South Africa. Prebendarry Webb-Peploe lately celebrated his semi-jubilee as Vicar of St. Paul's.

There is much regret in Hampstead at the announcement that the Rev. G. S. Streatfeild, Vicar of Christ Church, is likely, before long, to accept a country benefice. The reason for the probably impending change is that Mr. Streatfeild's health is not equal to the strain imposed by an exceptionally busy parish.

The *Record* calls attention to the comparative failure of the Brighton Church Congress, especially as regards numbers, and suggests several improvements for next year's programme. Simultaneous meetings ought to be avoided, and the Congress ought not to be asked to sit all day. The *Record* asks for fewer meetings and a better selection of topics. "There should, once and for all, be an end of the engagements made in order to satisfy some enthusiast—let us say in bell-ringing—or to

provide a platform for a recognised Diocesan bore." It seems that at Brighton there were meetings at which the numbers present in the audience did not greatly exceed the representatives of the Press.

Dr. Parker wisely rested on the Sunday preceding the Congregational Union Week. He travelled to Manchester on the Monday, and on Tuesday read his second great manifesto on the subject of a "United Congregational Church." Dr. Parker is anxious to introduce some kind of sustentation fund or pension system in his denomination. He thinks that great care should be taken in the selection of candidates for the ministry, but that when a pastor has been accepted and received by his brethren, he ought to be secured at least from starvation. As the churches pay no income-tax in their corporate capacity, he suggests a self-imposed tax, to be used for ministerial pensions.

Saturday, Oct. 19, saw the consecration at Southport of a new tower and peal of bells for Emanuel Church. The ceremony, which was attended in state by the Mayor and Corporation of Southport, was performed by the Bishop of Liverpool. The church has cost in its entirety a sum of £30,000.

An interesting sidelight on the decline of livings is afforded by the resignation of the Rector of Seale, the Rev. G. J. Campbell Sumner. The benefice is now worth only £129 per annum, and Mr. Sumner's private income is now £70 a year less than it was. He has spent £1500 on the parish and £600 on the rectory. V.

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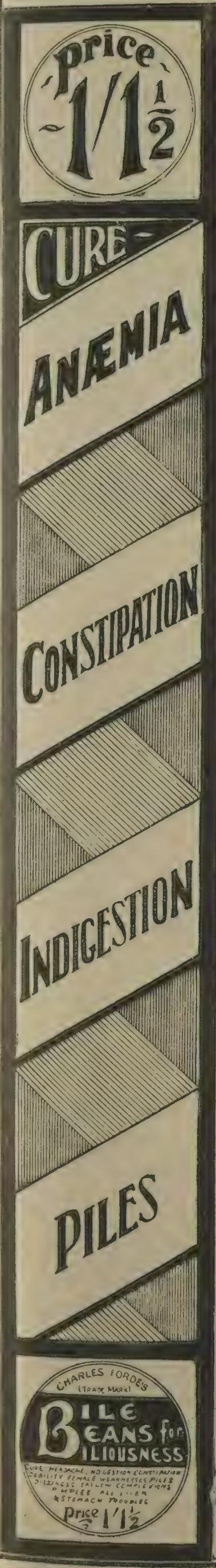
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"Yes," interposed Bessie, whose bright sparkling eyes and clear complexion denoted perfect health, "I was so bad that I never liked to be seen in public. My face was completely disfigured, my



mouth was drawn all on one side. The flesh was lumpy and discoloured. The pimples enlarged and burst like gatherings, causing fearful pain. More than once I have been in such agony that I have fainted away. Often I have been unable to hold myself up, so weak and sickly did I become. I had only a poor appetite and felt disinclined to go in for exercise. It was an utterly wretched feeling that overwhelmed me. No one can really understand the acute nature of my case."

"What was done to try and cure you?" asked the reporter. "We had medicine supplied from a chemist," broke in Mrs. Denbury; "but Bessie's ailment was so serious that he could not do her the least good. We tried various measures, which were equally unavailing, and the case had apparently grown hopeless, when our attention was drawn to the fact that Charles Forde's Bile Beans had been found extremely beneficial in like cases. Bessie sent for some, and was so relieved in general health by them that she obtained a larger supply. It was not very long before I noticed a remarkable improvement in her appearance. Little by little the swellings and blotches became less, the gatherings healed; and to-day, so far from being troubled at all with pimples or any other disfigurements, her whole skin is absolutely clear. She also feels so different again in health and spirits, being able to eat and sleep well and take exercise like anyone of her age should. Her recovery is indeed a relief; and we have only Bile Beans to thank for it. They have worked in her a marvellous transformation."

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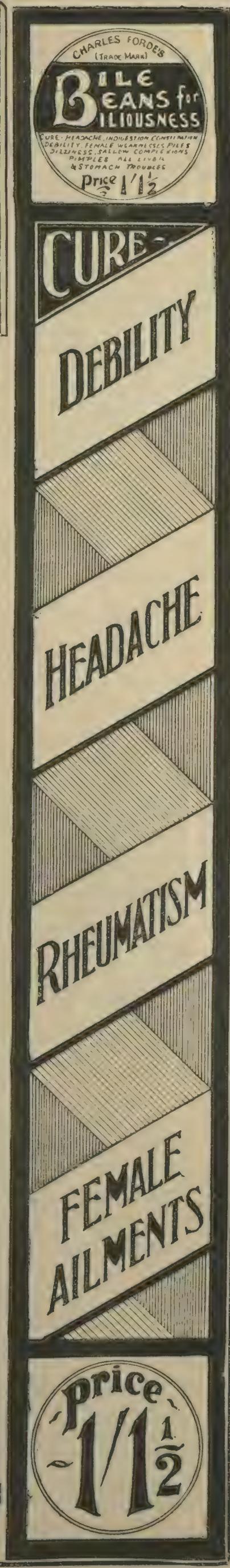
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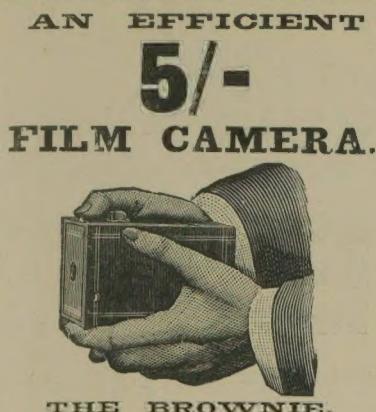
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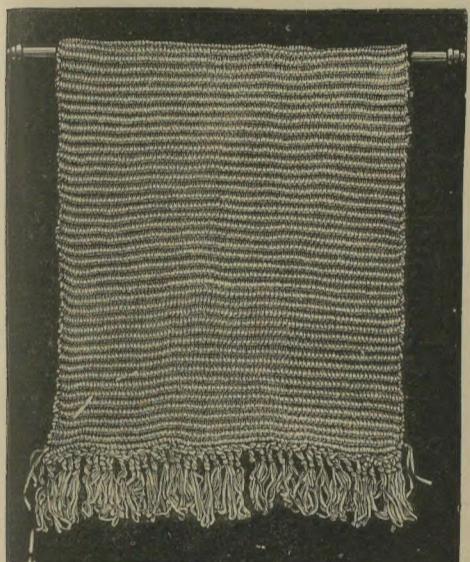
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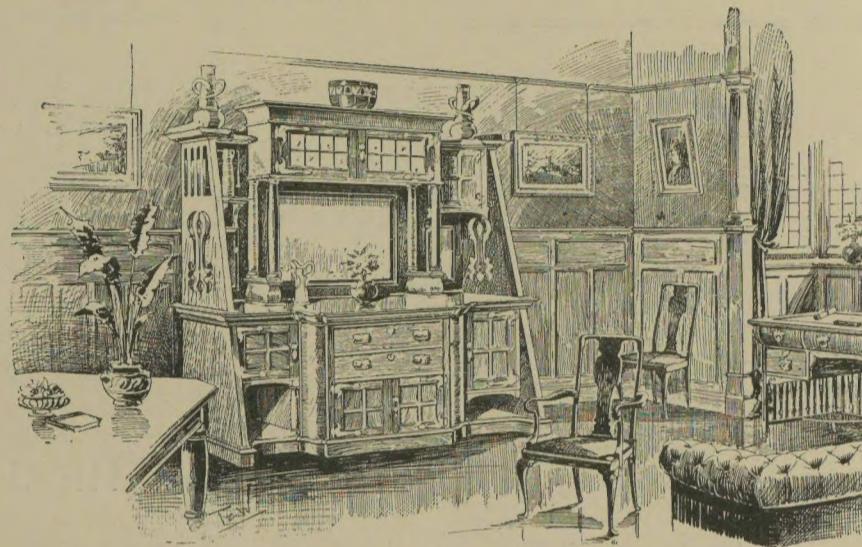
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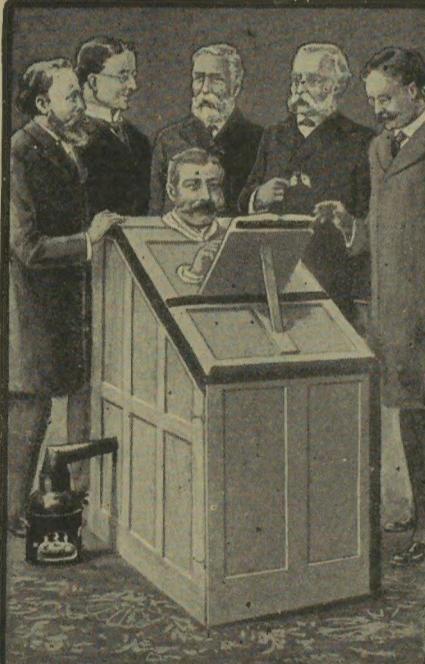
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There are no special agents for this cocoa. It can be obtained from every grocer.

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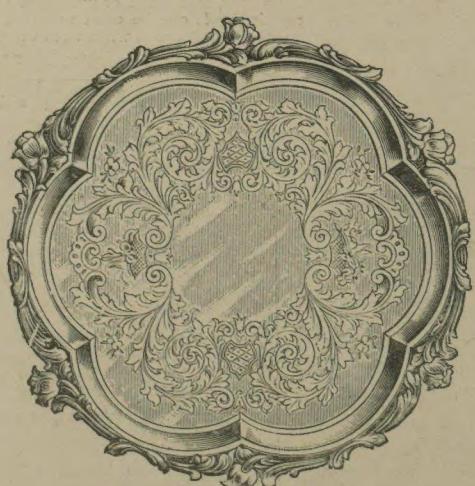
**GOLDSMITHS,
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The Originators and Patentees of Electro Plate.



SUGAR BASIN.

Elkington Plate ... £3 6 6
Solid Silver ... 6 15 0



Hand-Engraved Waiter, with handsome Tulip Border.

	Elkington Plate.	Solid Silver.
8 in.	£1 15 0	£6 6 0
10 "	2 12 0	8 8 0
12 "	3 10 0	11 0 0
14 "	4 12 0	16 0 0



CREAM JUG.

Elkington Plate ... £2 10 6
Solid Silver ... 5 0 0



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'Louis Quatorze'
Tea and Coffee
Service,
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Elkington Plate ... £5 0 0
Solid Silver ... 11 10 0